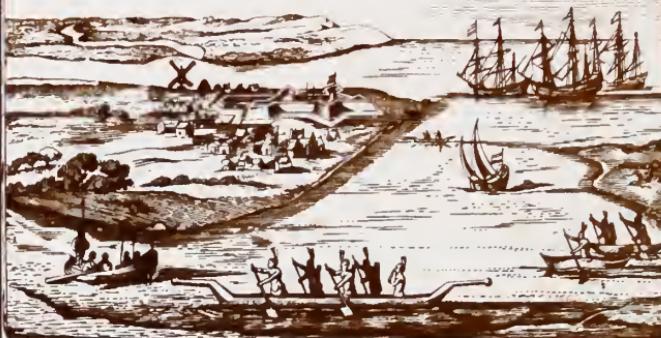


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(NEW YORK), 1651

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The Dutch Treat Club

1905-1943



W. MORGAN -

WALLACE MORGAN
Remembers, as the best period in our history,
the care-free era of Prohibition

THIRTY-EIGHTH ANNIVERSARY OF

THE

*Dutch Treat
Club*

With a Documentary History of the Club by WILL IRWIN

A Play, with a Moral; by WESTBROOK PEGLER

Contributions by a Score, or so, of Members

Portraits of Nine Club Functionaries

Twelve Illustrations in Colour

NEW YORK, 1943

Privately Printed

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The Illustrations

EXPLANATORY NOTE: Our artists were asked to portray the personages in our club history, whom they remembered most vividly. By a singular coincidence, the figures they recalled were, without exception, female in their order. One of them remembered a dancer at a luncheon, long ago; others recalled a singer, a cigarette girl, a lady glimpsed in a powder room, or, here and there, a hat-check girl in one of the dozen hotels we have, over the years, frequented.

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The cover design is by Frederick G. Cooper



RAY VIR DEN
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

RAY VIR DEN

President of the Club since 1942.
Sketched by James Montgomery Flagg.

Ray Vir Den

Our President was born of itinerant but pious parents. This proves that piety is not hereditary. From his father — a Methodist parson — he learned many words suitable to the pulpit, but slightly startling when spoken at the dinner table. To this gift, young Vir Den added a bevy of qualities original to himself; some of them genuine, some of them spurious as a counterfeit dollar. Among these latter is the pretenue that he is a rough, tough, blustering baby, in whom resides no gentle impulse, no sympathy for the erring, and no regard for the legislation of Emily Post.

He likes to be regarded as a hedgehog with bludgeons in the place of quills, and he makes character for himself by bellowing down the dignified, and trampling on the traditional. He dotes on an overdone Oklahoman opulence of earthiness, and gustily pretends to jeer at good taste and grammar.

He is a complete fake.

If you will take all the qualities which Vir Den delights to exhibit and reverse them, you will be scratching the surface of truth. He is so sensitive that even a harshly cocked eye will rend him — strand from strand. He describes beautiful things with quaint adjectives, but privately rolls among them, like a kitten in catnip. He would, for a good cause, donate the last loop of his lower intestine, and his friendship, be-gemmed with insults, is eighteen carat adamant.

If, at any time, the going gets tough Mr. Vir Den will do to take along.

Our Rendezvous with Destiny

By RAY VIR DEN

IT HAS LONG BEEN A CUSTOM of the Dutch Treat Club for its President to make an annual report to the members on the state of the Nation . . . the state of the Club . . . and the state of Affairs.

The less said about the state of the Nation, the better.

The state of the Club should be of interest to all. Mr. Harry ("Get-'em-while-they're-alive") Staton, our Treasurer who submits his reports in cross-word puzzle form, claims that we are solvent; and, as no one has ever been able to unravel any of his reports, we'll have to take his word for it.

The affairs (love, and otherwise) of the Dutch Treat members are supposed to be their own business. However, the Club's Board of Governors became so concerned with the affairs of the members that it was not content with *current* affairs, but decided to look into the *past*, as well, under the guise of making our year-book "a long-needed history of the Club."

To the task of editing and producing this book, the Board assigned Frank Crowninshield as one being quite familiar with the Turn of the Century, when the Dutch Treat Club first came into being. In fact, some claim that Crowninshield helped *turn* it . . . changing it from the Delicate Mauve Decade into the Blue Funk Age in which we are now living.

To do the actual writing, the Editor was fortunate enough to secure the services of Will Irwin, one of our better writers and an early member of the Club. It has been hinted that Will Irwin's memory goes back to the meeting between General Grant and General Lee at Appomattox Courthouse, an event he covered for a San

Our Rendezvous with Destiny

Francisco newspaper. At any rate his memory goes back far enough to rattle all of the skeletons in the Dutch Treat family closet and expose the antics of the Dutch Treat's artistic and literary lights in the Front-Bulge and Back-Bustle Era.

In addition to the history of the Club, this volume contains literary gems by some of our fellow-members. Mr. Westbrook ("Blood and Guts") Pegler contributes a classic which he wrote for the annual show a few years ago. Mr. Ogden Nash, our poet laureate, revives his never-to-be-forgotten "Rumble Seat," while Clarence Budington ("Cactus") Kelland writes of the good old days, when Republicans promised a "chicken in every pot" and "a car in every garage." (The Republicans only *talked* about cars in every garage; but the Democrats damn well *put* 'em there!)

It is also presumed that John ("O'Cardinal Richelieu") Cosgrave, procurer of talent for our Tuesday weekly luncheons, will defend the speakers who bored the life out of us, using that shop-worn phrase: "The Club is entitled to a little intellectual indulgence." (Whatever *that* is!)

As to the annual show — which, for so many years, was the highlight of any man's social calendar — the Board of Governors voted "no" for the second successive year. The reason why? "Don'cha know there's a war goin' on?" So that, for the duration, we will all have to dig up our own individual excuses for getting pie-eyed.

But, just as surely as "There will always be an England," there will always be a Dutch Treat Show. When it's all over, over there, and our boys come marchin' home again, we'll be rarin' to go! Yes, I can see it now. The Grand Ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria will be aglow with glittering lights. Gathered there, will be twelve hundred of New York's most prominent editors, publishers, artists, writers, musicians — and their guests . . . awaiting

Our Rendezvous with Destiny

the great moment. The house-lights grow dim. A hush comes over the vast throng, and as tenseness grips the great audience, three pianists will swing into the overture and revive the beautiful old Dutch Treat tunes . . . bringing back memories of other days.

The show is on! Then, with the last great triple chord signaling the end of the overture, the curtain will open slowly on The Prologue. It will reveal the great John Charles Thomas, dressed as Rip Van Winkle, snoring peacefully in front of a little building. It will be a simple little building, with a hand-carved crescent in the door. The door will be slightly ajar, disclosing the fact that it is an antique two holer, with a baby seat. The setting will be perfect. There will be a slight pause . . . then, Mr. Thomas will awaken, stretch and stride manfully down the stage to pour out his soul in song. He will sing of the changes that have come over the world since the last Dutch Treat Show, and ask where he's been all this time. (Thomas is always wondering where he's been.) He will finish with a rousing last eight bars, which will go something like this:

*“To hell with worry and woe,
For this is the Dutch Treat Show!”*

As he sings the last thrilling top note, twelve hundred men will jump to their feet and shout: “Where the hell is that waiter with my bottle of Scotch?”

Yes, we have a rendezvous with Destiny!

The Dutch Treat Club and the Post-War World

By PAUL GALLICO

WHEN THE POST-WAR WORLD begins to dig itself out from the shards, debris and litter resulting from its latest and most gargantuan binge; when it begins to contemplate the cosmic hangover that will follow this biggest of all brannigans, there will resound such a yell for balms, pills, unguents, powders, sedatives, pick-me-ups and global bicarbonate of soda as has never before echoed down the starry corridors of space.

Although our terrestrial lush has no more than reached the halfway mark in his epic tumble down the celestial staircase, the clatter of his descent has reached the ears of political Paracelsi and the little black bags are already being packed with purges, panaceas, electuaries, boluses and Galenicals.

In the laboratories of Washington, London and Moscow, simmer febrifuges, elixirs, catholicons, embrocations, cataplasms and poultices. Learned geopolitical homeopaths are already disputing over the victim, with practiced Rand-McNally surgeons and international vivisectionists. Hydropathy, Orthopraxy and Phlebotomy are threatened. There is every indication that the cure is going to be much worse than the disease. When and if the patient wakes up, he is going to need and want us very badly.

For if, and when, the weary, battered old world shakes itself and, perchance, cocks a bruised and cauliflowered ear towards a certain side door on Forty-eighth Street just East of Park Avenue, it will hear, issuing therefrom, a sound that will be more sweet and healing than all the nostrums, simples or medicaments on earth.



RUSSELL PATTERSON
"Believe me, if all those endearing young charms."

The Dutch Treat Club and the Post-War World

What it will hear is the sound of merriment.

I envision no cure-all, no political palliatives, no macrocosmic elixir vitae for the world's colossal case of pip, emerging from the ranks of the Dutch Treat Club. But I do see, in our club, a repository, a safe reservoir of many things that our shaken, stricken world will need and cry for in the days to come, things as necessary as food and ships and medicines and clothes.

We can give laughter, and we can give beauty, and we must not stint on either.

If ever there was an excuse for the Dutch Treat, it will be borne out in the days to come when our painters, sculptors, writers, actors, musicians, dramatists, philosophers and poets apply themselves, with sympathy and tenderness, to repair the ravages done to the spirit of man during the bitter years of destruction.

Within us lies the capacity to create beauty and joy; again to hold up the mirror to the loveliness, and the sweet comedy, of life. What the world has forgotten, we will remember and tell anew. Truth does not change. Humanity does not stale. Laughter is eternal. All of these lie within our power to dispense. These things, Dutch Treat will offer to the dizzy, battered, brave new world.

In Re: Membership

By CLIFTON FADIMAN

THREE ARE ALL SORTS OF STANDARDS by which one may judge the worth and value of an institution or organization. The Germans, however, true to their lust for uniformity, have, since 1933, been responsible for merging all these standards into one. It is now quite clear that the way to rate the value of any group is to estimate what proportion of its membership the Germans, if they could, would murder; what proportion they would tolerate as slaves; what proportion they would reward and encourage.

Membership in the Dutch Treat Club, when seen from this point of view, furnishes us with an added reason for pride. Almost all of us, if the Germans should win this war — or if they are permitted to win the next one — would sooner or later be murdered. It is not only that we belong to certain trades that the Germans have expressly and openly sworn to destroy — or, which is the same thing, corrupt. It is that as individuals, however much we differ in opinion, we are all passionately in love with the right to tell the other guy off, if we think he deserves it.

It is this right, the simplest, the crudest form of intellectual freedom, that the Germans have vowed to stamp to death everywhere in the world. It is this right we freely and gaily exercise, little thinking how fatally important it is, little remembering the blood that has flowed, and is flowing, to preserve it for us.

If ever even a percentage of our membership gets to be of a sort that would fail to fill the Germans with their desire to torture and terrify, maim and murder; if ever that day dawns — and God grant it never does — it were better for us that a millstone were hanged about our necks, and that we were drowned in the midst of the sea.

What the Club Is About

By JOHN O'HARA COSGRAVE

Chairman, since 1924, of the Board of Governors

THE DUTCH TREAT CLUB, because of its weekly luncheons, has become a charging station for certain of the professionals of America, whose function is the transmission of information and entertainment. The Club is a picked body of three hundred men who are active agents in the production and dissemination of literature, art, music and drama, in New York. They are editors of magazines, newspapers, and books; they are also writers and illustrators, composers, singers, playwrights, actors, and *entrepreneurs*. Each is a well-known figure in his field. It is their business to know what is going on and all about it, the men and women who are doing things or getting them done; what they look like, how they talk, what they, actually, amount to.

No idle curiosity habitually brings some two hundred of them to the Club's luncheons on Tuesday. Without being experts they are generally familiar with the subject matter of the topics offered their attention. There they round out mental impressions with the sensations of sight and hearing, extend horizons, exchange notes and establish relations within their classes.

Thus the Dutch Treat's is a different type of audience to that which ordinarily confronts speakers and performers. It knows who and what they are about and registers the values dispensed for further use. Every member of it has a working connection with one or other of the innumerable organs and mediums through which events, incidents and theories are chronicled to, and interpreted for, the public consciousness. What they see and hear is stuff for assumption and comment. At these luncheons judgments are

What the Club Is About

formulated for subsequent expression, in type or by voice; attitudes and viewpoints arrived at that may emerge as articles, cartoons, editorials, books; in short, thought-trends that evolve into public opinion.

For the introduction of fresh ideas or budding talents there is no more responsive or critical group. The men in it enter no verdicts, but remember evidence. Their applause is more than mere approval—it is recognition by one's peers. While its meetings are held *under the rose*, it is the most irreverent yet influential forum in the country.

About the operations of the Dutch Treat Club there is nothing pretentious. Its proceedings are informal and are not reported. There are no discussions. Speakers, performers, and members are understood to be on the same level. Talks are intimate, factual, and addressed as to co-laborers. Within the organization reputations have no rights. Peculiarities may be tolerated but superiorities not. There are no sacred cows and the officers are devoid of authority. The bond of unity is a common sense of humour and the privilege of disagreement. The sole obligation — participation in the Club's affairs.

John O'Hara Cosgrave

Jack Cosgrave is a survivor of the crusading magazine era having been the fighting editor of "Everybody's Magazine" during the years of its ascendancy when it was engaged in the joyous pursuit of exposing the iniquities of the principalities and powers of high finance and politics. He came to it from San Francisco where he had been running "The Wave," a satirical social and political weekly which served also and more effectively as a brooding ground and springboard for the fledglings of the Californian school of writers. It was the period in which Ambrose Bierce was the tutelary deity and which saw the arising of the Hearst system of journalism.

Retiring from "Everybody's" in 1911, there was a brief interval at "Collier's," marked by dissensions with its owner, and thereafter he betook himself to the more congenial atmosphere of the "New York World," then in its prime, where he served as Sunday Editor for fifteen long years. There he developed a new type of the Sabbath magazine, more conservative and factual than its saffron rivals, to which may be traced the origins of many of the technics and features that are still current in the periodical field.

Concluding that the knowledge of human relations and behaviors gathered in these experiences was the real stuff of philosophy, on leaving "The World" he reincarnated on that plane and in an effort to explain the principles and mechanics of life evolved a book, "The Academy for Souls." No one except the author knew what it was about and he is at work now writing another to elucidate it.

His avocation is in the providing of programs for the Tuesday luncheons of the Dutch Treat Club, into the active service of which he was enlisted, when in 1920 George Mallon took over its reins. Therein the variety of his interests are reflected, and in so officiating he has helped keep us in touch with the march of events and the men conducting them and has preserved contacts and those friendly relations with his contemporaries which make life worth living.



Leopold Seyffert —
1943

JOHN O'HARA COSGRAVE

*Chairman of the Board of Governors, for the past nineteen years.
Sketched by Leopold Seyffert.*

Proposing a Candidate for Membership

By RUBE GOLDBERG

An Excellent Letter to Follow, as a Model

TO THE SECRETARY, DUTCH TREAT CLUB:

I respectfully submit the name of Arnold Doorknob, artist and illustrator, for membership in the Dutch Treat.

I understand that the Club has a waiting list as long as the membership itself. In fact, it is quite an honour to get on the waiting list at all—or even to join the select group that is waiting to get on the waiting list. I have heard that more men die of old age on the waiting list than actual members do of poverty and general debility. As you know, our members often drop apart, but seldom drop out.

Nevertheless, I hope that Mr. Doorknob will be elected a member before he becomes so attached to the waiting list that he refuses to leave it. Mr. Doorknob is one of the most successful illustrators in America. He also has very attractive eyebrows and eyelashes. He has recently undergone a rigid diet and has gained sufficient control of his appetite to enjoy the meagre lunches which are served us on Tuesdays.

The Dutch Treat Club needs new blood. This cannot be achieved if the blood on the waiting list become too old and coagulated. An old Dutch Treat waiting-lister went, the other day, to the Red Cross blood bank, to donate a pint of blood. They had to take it away from him in solid cubes, which were used by the soldiers for poker dice.

With love—as usual,

Rube Goldberg

P. S. If no members die, or drop out, during the next few years, may I have the Governors' permission to organize a Waiting List Club, to hold Wednesday luncheons?

A Horoscope of the Club

By IRVIN S. COBB

FROM TIME TO TIME various members have written, for our year-books, pieces concerning the past of the Dutch Treat Club. Others, even more morbid, have gone so far as to deal with its current activities.

Reading between the lines of such articles it has been possible for the stranger to gather that the unwritten motto of our groaning *bored* is "Live and Let Live—But Don't Let 'Em Live Too Well," and that the song which we sing in our hearts for each retiring President is: "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow—Like Hell He Is!"

We even sang it for some former Presidents who, by the wildest stretch of the imagination, could never be called retiring.

It has come to be common knowledge that practically every famous visiting or resident *notable* in our city has been our guest, *once*. There is no rule in the club against having the same persons for our guests a second time. The fault lies with *them*. They make excuses. They plead engagements. They rush out of town or threaten suicide. So, each week there are new faces at our guest table.

But the past is past! Let me now draw a horoscope of the Dutch Treat Club.

The time is far, far off yonder, in the days which are to come. War has been abolished throughout the universe excepting in North and South America, Europe, Asia, Africa and Oceania. The first Jewish President of the United States is being clubbed to death by the last Irish policeman.

And the Dutch Treat Club—jovial members and uncomplaining guests to the number of twelve thousand have assembled for one of their regular sessions.

A Horoscope of the Club

The luncheon is begun to a pleasant rustle of napkins being tucked in between the second and third waistcoat buttons. The coffee is cold but, on the other hand, the orange sherbet is warm. Thus we have what scientists call a balanced ration.

Soon, but none too soon for the poached eggs on the corned-beef hash, the luncheon passes its climax. Now the gourmands have imbibed their demi-tasses from the iced containers and cigars are lighted and smoke-wreaths arise and strange sobbings mingled with honest blasphemy are heard from every side. The main feature of the lunch--the *pièce de résistance*, as we say--is at hand.

The President rises in his place and, as a preliminary to introducing the guest of honor, raps loudly on a French roll with a gavel hewn from antique oak.

As he calls for order the guest of honor calls for aspirin. As the opening words of the guest's remarks form upon his lips, he catches sight of the eager face of Rupert Hughes VI* who, true to the ancestral urge, is waiting impatiently for the guest to get through so that he can peel him, like a banana.

The doomed victim blanches. Faltering forth the final words of his speech, or whatnot, he sinks in his chair and cowers there abjectly. And then Rupert VI arises, in a pregnant hush and, turning both thumbs down, begins the counter-attack. Presently the hall looks as though somebody had been cleaning fish--guts and scales are all over the place.

But why continue?

The horoscope shows that, in its essential virtues, its dedication to the service of preserving intact the Anglo-Saxon civilization, its ceremonial rites, its sacrificial orgies, its cultural background, its time-honored ethics and all the rest of it, the Dutch Treat Club will go on and on, unchangingly, evermore and for everlasting.

* Lineal descendant of the original Rupert Hughes.

An Hour of Illusion

By HERBERT HOOVER

THE LUNCHEONS OF THE DUTCH TREAT CLUB are a sanctuary from this world of trouble.

They are places of occasional wit or, in any event, of laughter. At times, the microscopes of satire, ridicule, and hyperbole are brought out, and, through such lenses, the weaknesses of men, and the world at large, are enormously amplified. As in seeing Roquefort under the microscope, our minds are filled with horrors.

There is also the lift derived from our contributing artists because of their fantasy, song, music, and clouds of imagination. Occasionally, too, there is instruction. Sometimes important personages come to speak to us confidentially of those things which they deem it dangerous for ordinary men to know. That creates the pleasant feeling that, somehow, our members are *insiders*, in the march and strategy of civilization.

It is an agreeable hour of illusion. But, promptly at two o'clock, the old realities are restored, joys are dampened, and the horrors lifted. Then we are driven out into the streets of trouble again.



CHARLES F. MILLER
*Remembers, perhaps atavistically, the guest
of honour at our first Tuesday luncheon.*

The Club's Stake in This War

By JOHN ERSKINE

THIS YEAR-BOOK wears the manner of discretion. Some of the old ribaldry will be missed, but not seriously, since the pornography of recent Year-Books has been losing its freshness. Is it quite sporting of this aging institution to pretend that our capitulation to decorum is altogether a tribute to the tragedy of war?

Though our mood is solemn, we hope our wits are not rationed. Humor and satire, ridicule and burlesque, can be used in times like these quite as much as eloquence and poetry. Though the intellectual front in this war is vital, on our side it's none too well defended. Emotion and sentiment descend upon us in floods, and the fact that we agree in principle with those who from all directions rise to exhort us, is liable to conceal the other fact, that their emotions are better than their ideas, and their ideas deserve more respect than the clichés they wrap them up in.

At our Dutch Treat lunches we have listened with profit to men in the armed services, home for a moment from the front — to the men who report the battle at first hand — to diplomats and statesmen who perhaps come nearest to saying what danger the world is in. As we listen we feel, on the sidelines, shelved. But we writers, musicians, artists, editors and publishers, have an immediate stake in this war. If it lasts long enough we may have the honor of winning it — or the blame of losing it. Germany was lost when her intellectuals, who should have articulated her soul, became poll-parrots, or were silent. It hardly becomes us to hold our nose over our colleagues in Germany who knuckled under; on neither side in any war is independence of thought too common.

The Club's Stake in This War

The American heart never was sounder, but perhaps it's the business of the Dutch Treat Club to see to it that the American brain, such as it is, escapes being put in storage for the duration. Agreeing as to the main objective, we differ over details of the war and of post-war planning. We might be better liked if we stopped arguing and put our minds on other things, but no pains have been spared to convince us that this war belongs to us, and it's too late to take it away from us again.

But our arguing had better be subtle. Voltaire in his youth spoke out bluntly and took up residence in the Bastille. The literary influence of the Bastille is remarkable. Voltaire came out of jail a master of understatement, a wit, a humorist, impeccably polite, as delicate and conclusive as a surgeon's knife.

It's just as well that this Year-Book doesn't rest the issues of civilization on female anatomy, nor upon the old masterpieces of humor harvested from the barnyard fence.

From now on we shall all need more wit and more wit—but *dangerous* wit.

An Apology from Ring Lardner

A LETTER

Written, in 1932, to the Governors of the Club

GENTS:

Just a line to say that I picked up a sporting extra of Who's Who the other pm and turned to my name and seen where I was list it as belonging to 11 clubs witch I had ether resigned or hadent paid no dues or was black bawled in the 1st. place from 12 of them durn the administration of Warren M. Harding. Include it amongst the number was the dutch treat club of North America and I recalled the treasurer's voice but his hand writeing was unfamiliar. I also recalled pretty near a 100 of my boy friends who I would run acrost in Sax 5th Ave. and they would say are you coming to the dutch treat next Tuesday because a mixed quartet will be there composed of Lawrence Tibbetts, Ben Gigli, Morton Downey and Rudy Valet and I would say I was sorry but that was my hour on the raddio disgusting December Desserts. The facts of the matter is that there have been many a time when the temptation was all most overwhelming but the way things genally breaks, if I would walk up to the door and lay down my lunch money the treasure would be bound to see me and he would shout dont leave that guy in untill he has payed his annual dues since 1921 and I couldent pay them for 1921 alone to say nothing of the other 11 fiscal yrs that has shot by on winged ft. (also one of my clubs) and my friends would know the truth witch is that the only way I can keep my member ship in the dutch treat is to stay away from the place entirely.

P.S. Please burn this letter.

Ring Lardner

200 Words Without Music

By GEORGE M. COHAN

(Contributed by him to a former Year-Book)

I'm glad I'm a member of the Dutch Treat Club.
It's the kind of Club you can't join — regularly.
Some guy just tips you off that you belong,
And all you have to do is check your hat
And pay for your own lunch. This naturally keeps
The membership down to cases.
Great lot of fellows, too: mostly regulars.
It's every man for himself the minute you stick your
napkin under your chin.
A wonderful mixture! Ex-Presidents and banjo play-
ers, at the same table.
No celebrities to salute. They cease to be celebrities
as soon as the soup is served.
No cut and dried speeches to listen to,
Though most of them are dry and all of them should
be cut.
Literary lights — heavies, and middle-weights — rush
to the center of the dining room, at the bell.
College professors, labor leaders, artists, actors, and
press-agents,
Paying absolutely no attention to anybody or any-
thing — except the meat and potatoes.
I'm glad I've been made a real member. Now I won't
have to bring my piano player with me.
And now I have three pleasures to look forward to,
every week —
Dutch Treat, on Tuesdays, and Matinees, on Wed-
nesdays and Saturdays.

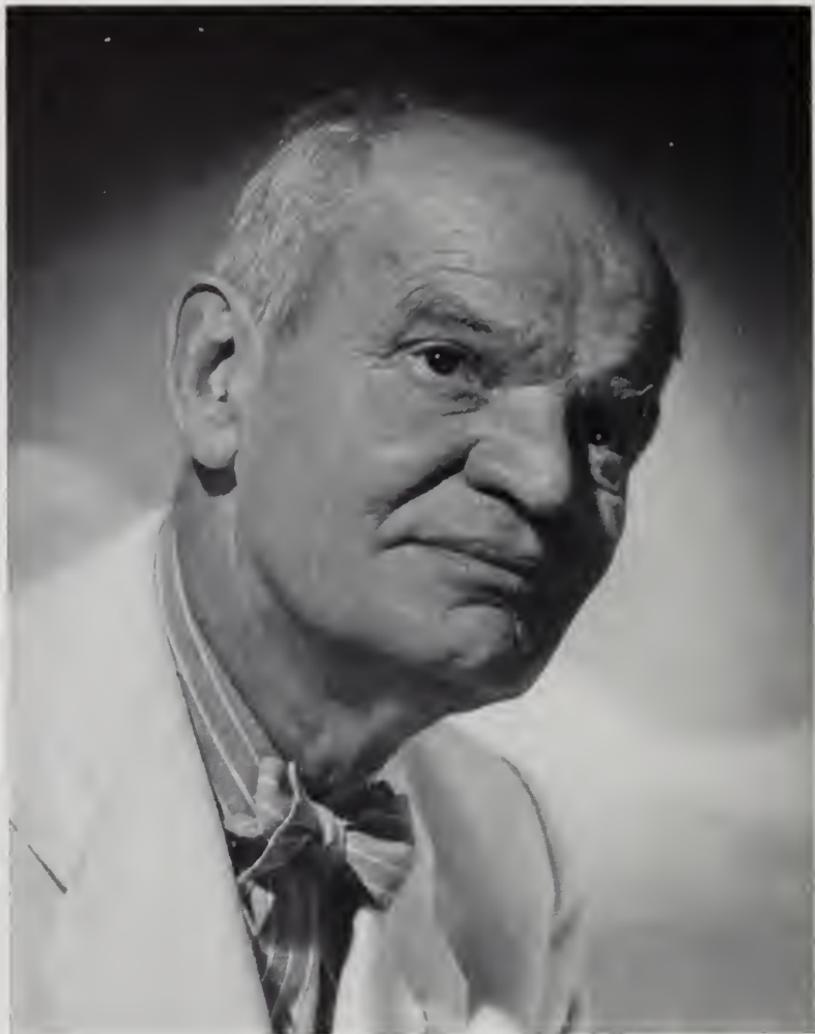
Clarence Budington Kelland

On the Rancho Santa Maria, Yavapai County, Arizona, radio reception is wonderfully bad. Franklin and Wendell sound like the Tokio station when the vacuum cleaner is running; the voice of Eleanor cannot be heard at all.

This delectable land is the home of Bud Kelland. Seated astride his horse, Old Blue, he rides the range, consults with his cowboys, exhorts his bulls to more earnest exertion, restores the erring calf to its mother's arms. Or, he sits at twilight, stroking his big yellow cat—the rattlesnake killer—and watches the sun dip down behind the grim barrier of his own Black Mountain.

You may wonder why he loves the ranch. Well, his love of it explains another seemingly quixotic thing about him—his sacrifice of so much time and energy and money to the thankless business of politics. The Santa Maria to him is the United States. Bud's father came from England, an artisan without friends, influence, or means. The United States gave him home and food, and education for his children, and opportunity limited only by their brains and willingness to work. On his death-bed, the old man opened his eyes for the last time, and looking into the faces of the members of his family, murmured reverently, "This is a great country." Those were the father's last words. They lie deep in the heart of his son.

Bud is an author, wit, orator, and friend; but, first of all, and most of all, he is a devoutly grateful citizen of the United States.



CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

*For thirteen years, President of the Club. Now its President-Emeritus.
Photograph by Tom Webb.*

Hail and Farewell

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

*A somewhat belated benediction by the
President-Emeritus of the Club*

THE DUTIES OF A PRESIDENT-EMERITUS are varied and of crucial importance. The first of these is to be as extinct as a prehistoric volcano; the second is to live completely in the past, and the third is to mind his own business in any and all circumstances. I am perfectly fitted by nature and training, to give exacting service in all these departments; satisfaction guaranteed, or title and emoluments returned, upon demand.

The book which this piece is to clutter up is, I understand, to be historical in *motif*. Its intent will be to bring on a mass attack of nostalgia, and to recall to mind those ancient and golden days when each Dutch Treat luncheon was an occasion at which the members assisted the digestion of inferior food by listening to superior speeches — with pretty noises made by musicians as a capsule to make them slip down easily.

Today, instead, our luncheons serve as a platform for slightly re-treaded foreign correspondents to use as a futuristic Mt. Sinai from which to hand down tablets of Camembert (engraved with a new and delirious Decalog) — and seasoned by the raucous raspings of a new breed of Torquemadas known as radio entertainers.

Those were beautiful days, when the incomparable George Russell talked and Ponselle sang and George Mallon, with exquisite graciousness, presided; when table conversations had to do with Who wrote What, and Who painted Which, and a dollar saved was a dollar earned, and God was actually in His Heaven, and all was well with the world. . . . Those were delectable days, when a

Hail and Farewell

baby was a child and not something to deduct from your income tax, and when it was a world-shaking event if Ethel Barrymore appeared in a new play, and the isles of the South Seas were unreal, glamorous havens where you might hope to get away from it all — there being, really, nothing to get away from.

Those were noble days, when we were thirty-five and not sixty, and the future lay before us and we dreamed dreams. Gorgeous days when none of us had realized our ambitions or discovered that only the dreams were real while the successes would be ashes in the mouth. Gracious days when we had only a future, and could not conceive of a time when we should have nothing but a past.

Of those great days there remain to us only faulty memories of this and that, of a word well-said, a girl well-kissed, a dollar well-spent, a retort well-aimed, an hour well-employed, or a friend well-made. We have become a horde of desert rats prospecting in the long ago, and digging up, now and then, a nugget of recollection.

The world is not what it used to be. Similarly, the Dutch Treat Club is not what it used to be. But it has been covered over by a rich patina, the deposit of decades, which makes it seem to us now what it *never* could have been. Let us then give thanks to Divine Providence for the inaccuracy of our memories. The man who remembers starkly and truly has no past worth the trouble it took to live it. Undoubtedly it is the blessed rheum in our eyes that makes yesterday's sand-lot look to us, now, like the Garden of Eden.

So, your purblind, doddering pantaloons of a President-Emeritus salutes you, every one, and wishes you perpetually renewed joy in a past that never was.

A Somewhat Indignant Letter

By DON MARQUIS

TO THE PRESIDENT, DUTCH TREAT CLUB:

I hear that I have been proposed for membership in the Dutch Treat Club. I want my candidacy withdrawn. I consider your Club a plague spot in the community — a moral cancer, which should be cut out by the scalpels of the law. It surprises me that, in New York, there could be found so many men willing to indulge the baser instincts of humanity, as seen in the Dutch Treat Club's so-called "shows," or "entertainments."

Your shows are full of lecherous pictures; they reek with suggestive music, vulgar dances and poses, lurid songs and the most debased comedy. And, over it all, the stench of alcohol, and tobacco, and licentious conversation.

I pity the debauched minds, the perverted tastes, the maudlin souls, the degenerate intellects, so lost that they can plan and produce your vile orgies. Many and many a time, year after year, as I have sat and shuddered while attending these Babylonian revels (to which I have been dragged as a guest — against my will, Sir!), I have thanked God that I was in no wise connected with them.

I therefore insist that you withdraw my name! I shall permit no further equivocation nor delay. I am a man of standing in my community, and must not be used as a tool in getting others into your so-called "club" — fools, attracted by my name, who believe that license is intellect and immorality, wit!

Leave me out. Leave me out, I say!

I give you plain warning.

Don Marquis

Note: Singularly enough, Mr. Marquis enclosed a check for his dues.

A Fortress We Are Defending

By MAX EASTMAN

AT A DUTCH TREAT LUNCHEON I once heard Sidney Franklin tell the story of his life and prowess, as a bullfighter. He took a fork and table-napkin, and with a dining-chair for the bull, illustrated some of his most graceful and daring passes.

When he got through, Joe Cook got up and gave a hilarious parody of the whole performance. He was born, he said, with a great fear of rabbits, but his father convinced him that there was no danger if you only knew how to handle them. In the end he overcame his fear and became one of the greatest rabbit-fighters in history. Joe took the same fork and napkin, and, with witty and elaborate patter, illustrated the grace and daring with which he could elude the skip, hop and jump of a full-grown male rabbit.

Joe's talk stays in my mind as the most brilliant exhibition of *ex tempore* wit and humorous imagination I ever listened to. Such things rarely happen on the stage. They rarely happen anywhere. But they can happen, and quite frequently do, at the Dutch Treat Club. That is what the club still means to me — a place where I may chance to hear exceptionally gifted people (and those still more exceptional people who really *know* something) give a slightly more intimate glimpse of their gifts, or their knowledge, than can be had elsewhere.

Any place where men get together and speak their minds in exceptional freedom assumes the grandeur, in these days, of an inner citadel of the fortress we are defending against the Totalitarians. And if I only love the Dutch Treat for what I get out of it, that doesn't mean that I wouldn't lay down my life for its right to survive.



EDWARD A. WILSON

*Demonstrates that the good things of life can
often be indulged in, under the rose.*

The Rumble Seat

By OGDEN NASH

With music by Robert Armbruster

*The quartet that first rendered this song consisted of
John Barnes Wells, Paul Parks, James Stanley
and Ray Vir Den*

O, Good Queen Bess, she took the throne,
She was King Henry's daughter;
But she had no rest-room of her own,
And scoffed at running water.
Her subjects true no plumbing knew
But the cabin in the barn-yard,
Yet Shakespeare wrote the plays we quote,
And Drake destroyed the Span-yard.
Now, when you happen to celebrate
Queen Bess and her doughty vassals,
Do you stop to think what made them great?
T'was the wind around their shoulders.

O, Queen Victoria took the throne,
She was a worthy Briton;
But she did have a rest-room of her own,
With a regal seat to sit on.
Two splendid men who graced her reign
Were Kitchener and Disraeli,
But they taught the people to pull the chain
And flush their systems daily.
O, how has England stood so long,
With stately towers and castles,
When modern Britons fear the song
Of the wind around their shoulders?

The Rumble Seat

O, Good King Calvin took the throne,
And the market did balloon-o,
And every broker was quick to own
A gold and emerald you-know.
The farmer and the farmer's kid
Considered it un-Amurrican
To pay their dues as their fathers did,
Astride of the howling hurricane.
They moved the place to the second floor
And prettied it up with tassels,
And thinking citizens thought no more
Of the wind around their shoulders.

O, Good King Herbert took the throne,
And someone flushed the market,
Till a man with an urge to be alone
Had to borrow a place to park it.
The velvet seats and the gilded bowls
That weakened the national entrail,
And the perfumed paper in purple rolls,
They vanished, with Steel and Central.
Well, the privy was jake with Good Queen Bess,
And jake with the Twelve Apostles—
So we'll reconstruct the old U. S.
With the wind around our shoulders!

The Theatre of 1905

By BURNS MANTLE

It was in 1905 that the Dutch Treat Club began

WE WERE INFANTS IN 1905, really. But there must be some of the elder D.T.'s who remember that we had a theatre and that it was a lively and interesting theatre, uncontaminated by radio drama, with sound effects and soap ads; or screen drama, with angular shadows, vacuous close-ups and double features.

You could not truthfully say that 1905 was the year the strip-tease first began to rear its tantalizing facade, although Isadora Duncan had just returned, bare-legged and bare-footed, from European exhibits that had made her famous as a dancer. And Harrison Grey Fiske had brought Bertha Kalich from the Yiddish Theatre to Broadway, first to play Sardou's "Fedora" and afterward Maeterlinck's "Monna Vanna," in which she was to visit the tent of her barbarian conqueror, clothed only in a single garment, one artistic flick of which would have revealed practically all of Mme. Kalich.

It was the year a statuesque Nance O'Neill was striding the stage in "Judith of Bethulia" and "The Fires of St. John," while Ethel Barrymore was advancing her stardom with "Cousin Kate," and Mrs. August Belmont's mother, Madge Carr Cook, was playing the name part in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." A newly risen burlesque comedian named David Warfield was practically astounding the natives with a sentimental *tour de force* called "The Music Master," and John Drew was wearing a completely new wardrobe in "The Duke of Killicrankie." Mrs. Fiske and John Mason were playing "Leah Kleschna," with a fellow named Arliss.

Well, sir, you would hardly believe it, but it was no

The Theatre of 1905

longer ago than this that Arnold Daly and Mary Shaw were arrested for daring a production of George Bernard Shaw's "Mrs. Warren's Profession." And now Whitney Darrow's firm published a tribute to "G.B.S." by Hasketh Pearson, in which this same Mr. Shaw is eulogized as "The man who made the British theatre."

I remember, I remember — Maude Adams was playing "Peter Pan" that year, and John Barrymore had a bit part in sister Ethel's "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire." It was no part for Ethel, we were saying at the time, having been written for Ellen Terry. But, Pouf! Ethel didn't care. She put on a choker of pearls to hide her lovely young throat and played out the season as this 40-year-old mother, to whom Bruce McRae made love.

It was at about that time, too, that Edwin Milton Royle expanded his Lamb's Club Gambol sketch called "The Squaw Man" into a three-act drama. That one brought the long-legged, deep-toned William Faversham over from England as the self-exiled younger brother of the Earl of Kerhill. Within the twinkling of an intermission he became the straight-shooting Jim Carson, rancher, of Maverick, Wyoming, married little Nat-u-ritch, the chief's daughter, and was ready to give up the earldom to little Hal, his half-breed son, when Nat-u-ritch shot herself, at the curtain.

Grace Elliston and Edmund Breese were playing "The Lion and the Mouse" that year. And Blanche Bates was doing her damndest to keep Frank Keenan from arresting her lover, Bob Hilliard, in "The Girl of the Golden West." But old Marsa Dave Belasco, he drop blood on Sheriff Keenan's hand from the loft where Bob was hiding, and —

But! Here, Here! Private Burns! You can't run on this way! There isn't room in this whole book for all the things you might remember.



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG
By J. M. F.

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

*For eight years President of the Dutch Treat Club.
A sketch from his own hand.*

James Montgomery Flagg

Was President of the Club for eight years. Has contributed, aside from two pages of ancient caricatures, four excellent portraits to this Year Book — those of Vir Den, Crowninshield, Savage, and Flagg himself. He was born in 1877, and was contributing illustrations to JUDGE and LIFE from the age of fourteen on, during which time he wasted six years in art schools, both here and abroad. He insists that he died 20 years ago and is only walking around because no one has had the nerve to bury him!

His boast is that it was he who made the Dutch Treat Club what it isn't today!

The Ancient Dutch Treaters

By BURTON RASCOE

IN THE YEAR 2943 A.D., the famous Patagonian archeologist, Dr. Etaoin Shrdlu, unearthed, near the Temple of the Sun, on the site of the ancient city of New York, a rare set of records which throw light upon the now extinct race we know by the name of Americans.

Dr. Shrdlu, who has translated part of this record holds that the Americans were extremely intelligent, and free from stifling inhibitions and pruderies.

The records of the race, claims Dr. Shrdlu, were kept in an esoteric series of twenty-one volumes known as the Dutch Treat Club Year-Books. They bore that name because the American's were governed by a hierarchy of men especially chosen for their youth, vigor, beauty, and unusual intelligence, who were known as the Dutch Treaters, that is, the best of the People, the Special Treat, or Reserved Section, of the nation.

And all things were reserved for the Dutch Treaters. They were always attended by beautiful, undepilitated women who served them entirely in the nude, except that, for variation, they sometimes wore mules or shoes and stockings with veritable parodies of *ceintures de chastité* called "girdles," which set off the most interesting feature of their anatomy, as if in a frame.

The weighty sessions of these men sometimes ended in playful antics like those portrayed on the friezes at Herculaneum and Pompeii. These antics were gayfully caricatured in their books, for the Dutch Treaters were modest and it pleased them, who were so abstemious, to be portrayed, in their records, as in either a highly inebriated or else concupiscent state.

The Secretary's Minutes

By HOWARD J. SAVAGE

*A typical report of a Governor's meeting,
by the Club's Secretary*

RAY VIR DEN, the President, called the meeting to order at 8:25 p.m. There were present fourteen members of the Board, including Roy Chapman Andrews, broken leg and all.

Letters were read as follows: Mrs. Norman Lynd, in thanks for flowers at Norman's funeral; Brigadier General Theodore Roosevelt, acknowledging instructions to investigate _____, in London,—but he was ordered out of England before he could comply; Gifford Beal, in thanks for not accepting his resignation; Lieutenant Roger C. Whitman, U. S. Naval Reserve, in thanks for his election; Lieutenant Frank Farrell, U. S. Marine Corps, V-mail communication, showing high personal morale.

President Vir Den opined that if Major General Terry Allen came back from overseas with a D.S.C. or D.S.M., he should be made an honorary member of the Club.

After full discussion, upon motion duly made and seconded, the Chair declared Judge James Garrett Wallace to be a mental bankrupt.

The Membership Committee—through one of its sleuths—reported on the candidacy of James Melton, operatic singer. On motion duly made and seconded, Mr. Melton was elected a member. His thirty seconding letters were referred to Lowell Thomas to serve as the basis of a new mailing list.

Acknowledgments of the privileges of the Club were read as follows: Eminent Europeans—Courtesy privileges, for the duration: Henry Noble Hall, Jacques Maritain, André Maurois.

The Secretary's Minutes

Foreign correspondents and writers—Club privileges for one year: Frank Gervasi, Virgil Pinkley, Clark Lee, Reynolds Packard, and Richard C. Wilson.

Letters of appreciation, for Christmas checks, were read from C. Vedda, for himself and for the chef of the Park Lane Hotel.

S. A. Everitt's attempt to resign was placed in the hands of Jack Cosgrave for disposition.

The following balances were reported by Harry Staton, the Treasurer:

General Fund, current	\$2,834.98
U. S. Government Bonds, Series G	2,000.00
	<hr/>
	\$4,834.98

Set aside, for charitable disbursements \$2,280.39

After full discussion, it was RESOLVED: That the limit of 300 names upon the normal active membership list of the Club be reaffirmed.

It was also RESOLVED: That a Club Year-Book, for 1943, be prepared and issued, to contain a roster of members; a list (with comments) of the 1942-43 luncheon programs; a complete historical sketch of the Dutch Treat Club to be written—assuming his willingness—by Will Irwin; and other miscellaneous articles and pictures to be selected by the Editor.

The Board discussed plans for editing such a Year-Book. After some deliberation, it was RESOLVED: That Frank Crowninshield be made Editor and Producer of the Year-Book, for 1943.

The meeting adjourned, more or less amicably, at 9:38 p.m.

(signed) *Howard J. Savage,*
SECRETARY.

*Regular meeting of the Board of Governors, January 12, 1943.
Held at The Players, Gramercy Park, New York.*

Officers and Governors
OF THE DUTCH TREAT CLUB

The Year 1942-43

President, RAY VIR DEN

President-Emeritus, CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

1st Vice President
FRANK CROWNINSHIELD

Secretary
HOWARD J. SAVAGE

2nd Vice President
WILLIAM L. CHENERY

Treasurer
HARRY STATON

Board of Governors

JOHN O'HARA COSGRAVE, Chairman

ROY CHAPMAN ANDREWS

EDWARD McNAMARA

ROBERT BRINKERHOFF

CHARLES F. MILLER

GENE BUCK

WESTBROOK PEGLER

WHITNEY DARROW

CAPT. EUGENE REYNAL

ROY W. HOWARD

A.C., A.V.S.

NEIL MACNEIL

LOWELL THOMAS

BURNS MANTLE

HON. JAMES G. WALLACE

J. P. McEVoy

PERCY WAXMAN



GILBERT BUNDY
*Vividly recalls a stolen glimpse
into the powder room at the Hotel Ambassador.*

“Century, Scribner’s and Harper’s”

By JOHN REED. Music by BILL DALY

*Written for the Dutch Treat Club show of 1913,
seven years before John Reed died and was buried
within the walls of the Kremlin*

*This song was sung by Charles Hanson Towne,
dressed as an old maid, and representing the three
most respectable magazines of the day. He wore a
hoop-skirt, and had long curls.*

You are mistresses of Mammon;
I’m a literary virgin:
All the warmth of a salmon
All the passion of a sturgeon.
I’m aristocratic, very,
I’m a live obituary
Of the giants literary
Who have given up the ghost.

In illuminating snatches since
the spring of sixty-one,
I’ve been publishing dispatches
from the battle of Bull Run.
With life I do not bother
I’m caviar to most
In fact I am the Father,
The Son and Holy Ghost.

Chorus

In fact she is the Father,
The Son and Holy Ghost.

“Century, Scribner’s and Harper’s”

Of refinement I’m a symbol,
On your literary table
All of culture in a Thimble
By the new Atlantic cable!
And though Congress does not heed me
And the public does not read me
I’m convinced the people need me
From the Hudson to the Coast.

Oh, when Trollope kicked the bucket
And when Dickens was no more,
I had half a mind to chuck it
Till I found the Civil War.
Aristocratic — rather!
Exclusiveness my boast,
In fact I am the Father,
The Son and Holy Ghost.

Chorus

In fact she is the Father,
The Son and Holy Ghost.

The Artist's Drinking Song

By JOHN REED. Music by BILL DALY

THE ARTIST: The artist wants not worldly pelf,
He pleases no one but himself.
He spends his nights in drink and song
Unless the anecdotes be wrong.
He sits and boozes, when he chooses,
With the Muses for excuses.
When he wants a ten-cent piece
He goes and does a masterpiece.

SECOND ARTIST: He paints

THIRD ARTIST: He sculps

FOURTH ARTIST: He writes

FIFTH ARTIST: He sings

Chorus

Then drink to the artist,
Of all creation smartest;
He doesn't even brush his hair
And yet he's welcome everywhere!
His private life's a scandal,
His manners they are free,
His game is worth the candle —
The artist's life for me.

THE ARTIST: The artist never prostitutes
His gen-i-us, you bet your boots,
He doesn't give a tangerine,
For any monthly magazine.
He pulls his wheezes when he pleases,
No one feases him, by Jeezes.
When he manifests a whim
The Editors all bow to him.

(*Chorus* — "Then drink to the artist," . . .)

The Public Enemy

A Play, by WESTBROOK PEGLER

SCENE: A courtroom; judge's bench, table for lawyers, witness stand. As Curtain rises, a BAILIFF, in policeman's uniform, sits in witness chair talking to the CLERK of the court.

BAILIFF

And so I says to her, you don't come under the Act; and she says, one hour a week is all you get out of me, and you can have it, day or night, in a chunk or piece-meal —

CLERK

(A solemn fellow) She should be told that wives do not benefit by the present Pitznogle Law forbidding any man, woman or child to labor at a gainful employment more than one hour a week.

BAILIFF

Well, what's on the docket this morning?

CLERK

United States against Otto Blatz.

BAILIFF

Oh, the man who was caught bootlegging working hours, eh?

CLERK

Yes, him. (*Pushes his ledger away from him*)

The docket is crowded with these over-work cases. And,

The Public Enemy

with the law forbidding a judge to sit more than one hour a week, we'll never catch up. We already have eight judges a day, each judge sitting one hour. That makes forty judges a week, for each court.

BAILIFF

What's this Blatz case, anyway?

CLERK

The lowdown I get is he was running a work-easy in a cellar. Kept all kinds of tools there and work-benches. He got so bold that he was even letting in women and young children.

(*ENTER defendant, lawyers, and witness, followed by the judge.*)

(BAILIFF RAPS FOR ORDER)

Oyez, oyez, oyez. The district court for the Eastern District is now in session, for exactly sixty minutes. The United States against Otto Blatz. Defendant will mount to the Bar.

(*ENTER BLATZ, his attorney, the District Attorney, etc.*)

JUDGE

Stand up, Blatz. Guilty or not guilty.

BLATZ

Not guilty, your Honor.

JUDGE

Sit down, Blatz.

D. A.

Take the stand, Mr. Hoople.

(HOOPLE, *an Enforcement Agent, takes the stand.*)

The Public Enemy

D. A.

What is your business?

HOOPLE

I am an Enforcement Agent authorized under the Pitz-nogle Anti-work Law.

D. A.

Are you acquainted with the defendant, Otto Blatz?

HOOPLE

I am. I met him on the first day of April, when I raided a suspected house and broke in the door —

JUDGE

One moment. You broke in the door? That required tools, perhaps an axe or a sledge hammer. Tell the court, as briefly as possible how such illegal tools came into your possession.

HOOPLE

I borrowed them.

JUDGE

Borrowed them! From whom?

HOOPLE

I got a permit from the Attorney General and he let me loan them from the Smithsonian Institute.

D. A.

What did you find?

HOOPLE

I found this defendant, Blatz, dressed in overalls.

The Public Enemy

D. A.

I particularly call the attention of Your Honor to that answer. The defendant wore overalls.

JUDGE

The court takes judicial knowledge of the fact that overalls were once used to work in. Proceed.

D. A.

Did he have anything in his hand?

HOOPLE

He did. A hammer. He taught customers how to drive nails with it. We also found a basement room filled with work-benches, carpenter tools, plumbers' tools, ledgers for bookkeepers, noiseless typewriters.

D. A.

Were there sewing machines?

HOOPLE

Six. Women were operating them. There were also eleven children. They were being taught to dig with shovels when we entered. I was shocked to see how fascinated the little ones were — how such illicit labor seemed to excite and stimulate them.

D. A.

Were there any mottos on the walls?

HOOPLE

There were. I seized them as criminal and un-American. The first motto that we tore down was: "A penny saved is a penny earned —"

The Public Enemy

D. A.

Your Honor, it is not the unwholesome sentiment contained in that motto, alone; it is the wanton and deliberate insult to the President of the United States that enrages me.

HOOPLE

Here's another. (He displays it) "Satan finds work for idle hands to do."

D. A.

Remember. You are on oath, Hoople. Was this motto actually on display?

HOOPLE

It was. And this one, too — the foulest of the lot, "Six days shalt thou labor."

D. A.

I submit, Your Honor, that this man is not merely a criminal, he is a degenerate. Tell me, Hoople, was food served in the place?

HOOPLE

It was.

D. A.

How was it served?

HOOPLE

In dinner pails.

D. A.

Such as working men used to carry?

HOOPLE

Exactly. For an extra charge a man received the right to work for *three* hours. I even found one man who was



HARRY BECKHOFF
Thinks that 'Tricia, at the St. Regis, was, perhaps,
the most responsive of our coat-room girls.'

The Public Enemy

an addict. He admitted that he had worked at various trades in the place, eight hours a day for five months. I found a boy of sixteen who admitted he could not leave work alone. He stole from his employer for the pleasure he got from operating a ratchet screwdriver.

D. A.

Can you state, of your own knowledge, the purpose of this resort maintained by Otto Blatz?

HOOPLE

It was what is described as a "work-easy." It enabled people to break the law and to work any number of hours a day they desired.

D. A.

The United States rests.

JUDGE

Cross examination!

D. LAWYER

We do not desire to cross examine. We admit that the facts, as the witness has given them.

JUDGE

You plead guilty?

D. LAWYER

No, Your Honor, we plead insanity; we shall show, by evidence, that Mr. Blatz is *non compos mentis*, and therefore not responsible, in law, for his actions. Mr. Blatz take the stand.

(Mr. Blatz slowly mounts the stand and sits down.)

BAILIFF

Stand up, Blatz — rest your hands on this Bible. Do you swear, etc., etc. Sit down, Blatz.

The Public Enemy

D. LAWYER

Mr. Blatz, who, in your opinion, was the greatest man that ever lived?

D. A.

I object. The question is incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial.

D. LAWYER

The answer to that question, your Honor, will establish our contention that Mr. Blatz is of unsound mind. Blatz, I ask you, who was the greatest man that ever lived?

BLATZ

Benjamin Franklin.

D. LAWYER

Why was Benjamin Franklin the greatest man?

BLATZ

Because he taught this country that the way to succeed is to be honest, to give an honest day's work for a day's pay, and to save his money. He believed a busy man was happier than an idle man. He said the way to get happiness was to *earn* it.

D. LAWYER

I call your Honor's attention to these extravagant words. Could they issue from a sane mind? Is it possible that any man living under the New Deal, could assert as truths such patent absurdities? Blatz, were you taught by your parents that idleness is reprehensible?

BLATZ

I was. My father raised a family on his wages as a car-

The Public Enemy

penter. My mother was frugal. She laid by every penny. On my father's small earnings they were able to educate two sons and a daughter, pay for their home, eat and live in peace, and lay aside a competence for their old age.

D. LAWYER

I submit that a lad reared in such foul surroundings, subject during his plastic years to such degenerate influences, defiled by such teachings, could not come to manhood as anything but a mental deficient. Blatz, do you ever try to overcome your craving for work?

BLATZ

I do. But the craving is in me, and I cannot master it. It comes every morning and with special violence every *Monday* morning, when the factory whistle blows.

D. LAWYER

But no factory whistles blow any more. They have been silenced forever. No strident voices from a mechanical throat shall ever again, in this fair land call one of God's creatures to the indignity of earning his living.

BLATZ

But it does blow! I hear it. I tell you, sir. I hear the factory whistle. It calls me. It calls me as it called my father, and my grandfather, and *his* grandfather. Don't tell me, sir, that no factory whistle sounds. It is music to me, because it means peace and plenty; it means happiness in my home and a groaning table. It means a doorstep upon which to sit in my old age, and a dollar in the bank. I say it blows, and if every siren on every mill in the land were silenced, it would still blow *for me*. I am an American and, for me, the factory whistle will always sound.

The Public Enemy

JUDGE

Nonsense! Sound where?

BLATZ

In my heart.

D. LAWYER

The defense closes. Past any doubt, I have demonstrated, out of my client's mouth, the feebleness of his mind. He is, as anyone can see, insane. I ask his acquittal.

D. A.

And I demand his conviction — his conviction and the extreme penalty.

JUDGE

I have listened to the evidence of both the prosecution and of the defense. I have considered the pleas of the defendant and his antecedents. These offer no excuse.

D. A.

No excuse, whatever.

JUDGE

Nor do the facts adduced point to the insanity of the defendant, but to the lowest and vilest of criminal propensities. This man is abhorrent to civilization. Gentlemen, I find this monster guilty of work, in the first degree.

D. A.

And I demand the extreme penalty.

JUDGE

I shall impose it.

D. LAWYER

Not death!

Howard J. Savage

As Secretary of the Dutch Treat Club, he has proved himself, at one time, urbane, relentless and competent. His ancestry is old-time Connecticut Nutmeg. His education, Tufts College, an institution that granted him only half the degrees he received from Harvard—Master of Arts, and Doctor of Philosophy.

His first intrusion into literature was his “Studies in English Prose Style, 1450-1616.” His multiple incarnations have included those of newspaper reporter, drama critic, proof reader, book reviewer, pension expert, soldier, play producer, teacher at three colleges, and, — as we know to our cost — a confirmed bass singer. In 1951, he became Secretary of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, treasurer in 1957.

On the aesthetic side, he reached a new high when a song which he had written was played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. In the First World War he served as Adjutant of the Fourth Division, an outfit that saw action a-plenty.

As if all that were not enough, his force and rectitude are so great that, at the Board of Governors’ meetings of the Dutch Treat Club, he habitually assumes the attitude, and the functions, of a Czar.



HOWARD J. SAVAGE
James Montgomery Flagg

HOWARD J. SAVAGE
Secretary of the Club for the past seven years.
Sketched by James Montgomery Flagg.

The Public Enemy

JUDGE

No, not death.

D. LAWYER

Not life imprisonment!

JUDGE

No, not life imprisonment.

D. LAWYER

Then what, Your Honor?

JUDGE

I sentence this man to a spot where he will learn the spirit of true Americanism. To a spot where he will see in operation the finest flower of our stalwart civilization, where, if a cure be possible, a cure will be effected, but where, if he cannot be cured, he will at least be debarred forever from harming his fellow-men. Otto Blatz, I sentence you . . . I sentence you, for the balance of your natural life, *not* to hard labor as you seem to desire, but to hard loafing. (*Rising and lifting his hand portentously.*)

BLATZ

Hard loafing! Where?

JUDGE

In Washington.

BLATZ (*Standing up, suddenly.*)

The chair! The chair! Give me the chair!

ALL, IN UNISON

Sit down, Blatz.

Curtain

Dusk at the Inn

By GRANTLAND RICE

*On remembering the old days and such old members as
Ring Lardner, Clare Briggs, Don Marquis, and a score of
other friendly and vanished souls*

You have taken your travelers' cloaks from the Inn,
 where only the best belong.
The music is low, and the candles are dim; there's
 a lull in our friendly song,
And we who are left lift a silent glass, to the places
 none may fill,
And drink a toast to the friends who have gone, over
 the last high hill.

Fame and gold: They are less than dust;
Less than an April song:
They are less than weeds in the earth's dull crust,
When a friendly hand in your own is thrust,
And an old mate comes along.

The flame at the Inn is dim tonight:
There are too many empty chairs:
The moon has lost too much of its light;
Too many songs have taken flight;
There are too many ghosts on the stairs.

“Good-night,” we say, “on your starlit way:
You are never forgotten.” “Good-night,” we say.

The Polka-Dotted Mastodon

WORDS by REA IRVIN

Music by Art Samuels and Rea Irvin

I

When man made war on the dinosaur in the Paleolithic morn,
He tried at length to match his strength with old John Barleycorn.
Each growing thing that had a sting he'd sample for its kick,
And sprinkle some into his rum, for nothing made him sick.
His potent brews of cave-man booze he'd swig 'til he was tight.
(You'd hate to pet the things he met when he went home at night).

Chorus

The Polka-dotted Mastodon would meet him at the door,
The Purple Tetrabelladon would greet him with a roar.
The Merry Iguanadon, who had his sister's bonnet on,
Would dance a hootchy-kootchy in the middle of the floor.
Bobbing Dinotheriums would cuddle in his bed;
Sobbing Megatheriums would huddle round his head.
Oh, every little party,
Was full of fun and hearty,
Back in the good, old days.

The Polka-Dotted Mastodon

II

When night birds shriek in the ghostly reek of the
graveyard on the hill,
I leave my bed among the dead to haunt the living
still.
And well-known brews of good old booze I cleverly
disguise,
To fill the bowls of sundry souls who mourn my sad
demise.
And as for those who now suppose they've put me in
the ground,
I'll say the lid, to hold this kid, has never yet been
found.

Chorus

The Polka-dotted Mastodon would meet him at the
door,
The Purple Tetrabelladon would greet him with a
roar.
The Merry Iguanadon, who had his sister's bonnet on,
Would dance a hootchy-kootchy in the middle of the
floor.
Bobbing Dinothereums would cuddle in his bed;
Sobbing Megatheriums would huddle round his head.
Oh, every little party,
Was full of fun and hearty,
Back in the good, old days.



RE A IRVIN

Here illustrates his song—"The Polka-Dotted Mastodon"
which will be found on another page of this annual.

History of the Dutch Treat Club

By WILL IRWIN

THE DUTCH TREAT CLUB was conceived in 1905 on a day coach of a Lackawanna suburban train by an unknown sire out of the Cloister Club. There were no nuptials, either before or after the event, and the sire is still unknown, although some have suspected The Players. Envious rivals have always maintained that she was that kind of baby. At the time of her conception, the dam had been dead for several years. A remarkable statement; but probably Jack Cosgrave can explain it.

The Cloister was a luncheon or dinner club pure and simple, which, according to George B. Mallon, sprang to life in the late 1880's, when the men sported very tight trousers in glaring checks and the women protected their rear approaches with jutting bustles; when the telephone was an exotic luxury and the unmarried lived in boarding-houses.

Uptown in Union Square, or midtown in Franklin Square under the new Brooklyn Bridge, *Harper's*, *Scribner's*, and *Century* reigned like a composite and squiffy old queen over the business of manufacturing periodicals and, to a wide extent, over book publishing. If the aspiring man of letters wrote poetry that approximated Edmund Clarence Stedman's, if the young illustrator drew like Abbey or Du Maurier, he might in time enter the charmed circle; if not, he groped in outer darkness, writing or drawing for venturesome new book houses or for what the editors of the *Century* called to the very end the "upstart periodicals."

Olympus expressed itself socially in the Century Club, then the pillar of artistic exclusiveness. For the brilliant newspaper writer — unless he happened to be an academic,

History of the Dutch Treat Club

highbrow critic addicted to semicolons—, the writer or illustrator on the upstart magazines, the musician who had progressed beyond Handel's *Messiah*, the fictionist reaching toward new forms, there was no club in New York. Then someone or other suggested that the wits and roisterers of this outcast element gather weekly for luncheon or dinner — and so was born the Cloister, a group so successful that the members grew over-ambitious and expanded it into a regular club with entrance fees and dues and a house committee. But like her daughter, she was a raffish institution and never happy unless she was roaming from place to place. So one day she lay down amidst her new gauds and died. All this according to George Barry Mallon, who confided it to the writer by snatches in 1905 or thereabout, and to the investigations of that *Heroditus of New York Clubs*, Frank Crowninshield. "You're a pair of damn liars," comments Charles Rosenbault, backed by Samuel Hopkins Adams. "The Cloister started up in the early 1890's. I remember Julian Ralph going round drumming up membership. It was strictly a dinner club with permanent quarters, and the members could bring ladies." "You're thinking of that later phase, when the club was dying," say we. "No I'm not," says he, "You're liars, and I can prove it." All right, let him. That's been proved again and again.

THE CLOISTER CLUB GROUP

This we do know, and we defy Charlie and Sam to refute it; there never was such a herd of irresponsible, prankish wits as the old Cloister bunch. We have it on the word of three among them who passed on into the Dutch Treat — George Mallon who needs no introduction; William Curtis Gibson, who died as Art Director of the Hearst periodicals; and James L. Ford, caustic critic, who in the early years of this century was a kind of Dr. Johnson of New York.

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Certainly that old cloister group used up much of their employers' paper stock in guying one another. Gibson was then Art Editor of *Judge*, which struggled with H. C. Bunner's *Puck* for the honor of being the most popular and — to the *Century-Harper's-Scribner's* crowd — the most ungenteel of the politico-comic weeklies then having their little day. Eugene Zimmerman (Zim) was star cartoonist for *Judge*. Gibson called his attention to the fact that George Mallon had an abnormally long upper lip. Thereupon, Zim created a comic Irishman with a lip like a rounded, jutting cliff. This became the model for all comic Irishmen by all caricaturists. To drive home the point, Zim gave one of his creations a carpet-bag with the initials "G.B.M." conspicuously displayed. It was in vain the Ancient Order of Hibernians protested. The tradition lingered even until the death of *Puck* and *Judge* . . . It even had a revival in the Dutch Treat Club. No sooner had we begun to print our annual book than our cartoonists spotted that lip of Mallon's. He was then President, and from the throne under the rose he made some stinging remarks about cartoonists. In the next book, H. T. Webster came back at him with a sketch of Mallon uttering three of his dirtiest cracks. With each repetition, the lip grew. To which Harry added a fourth sketch, with a lip dwarfing even Mallon's chest, which he captioned, "Another peep out of you, George, and that upper lip will be drawn like this!"

George, in the days of the Cloister a lively young reporter on Charles A. Dana's *New York Sun*, was not the man to take anything lying down. All the hick towns of Long Island and New Jersey maintained in those days volunteer Fire Departments like the old "vamps" of New York City. To the *Sun*, the annual firemen's rally, tournament, and grand ball was almost as much a humorous fetish as the Brooklyn rubber plant. George specialized on these firemen's festivals; and he created the figure

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of Pop Gibson, the oldest living volunteer fireman, who attended all the tournaments and spun yarns of the good old 'Fifties when vamps were he-men and not just sissies in red shirts. Having spent months in building his trap, George sprang it with a special announcement in the *Sun*. William Curtis Gibson, universally known as Old Pop Gibson, had accepted a position on *Judge* and was preparing to write a complete history of the vamps of New York and vicinity. He wanted souvenirs, photographs, above all firsthand anecdotes. He would be at the office of *Judge* every day between nine and five, and would be pleased to see any of his comrades who cared to drop in and chat about the great days of the volunteer fire brigades. For weeks after that, Gibson worked at home.

By 1905, George Mallon, now day city editor of the *Sun*, lived in Montclair and commuted on the Lackawanna. At Glen Ridge, on the same line, lived Tom Masson, popular humorist and an editor of *Life*, and Robert Sterling Yard, once a *Sun* man, now a pillar of the Forest Service at Washington, but then just starting in business as an insurgent publisher. George met them constantly on the commuters' train and, of course, talked Cloister Club. However, Bob Yard, the surviving founder, is not at present aware that the Cloister was in his mind when one morning he said to Tom:

"I seldom see any of the boys any more. There's no place where we just naturally meet. The publishing crowd is better fixed. It's got the Aldine Club for lunch. Of course, they're mostly business-office men, but we often see editors and writers there. Say, why not have a once-a-week lunch club of our own crowd? Take in editors, writers, and artists, but not the advertisers and publishers and all that push."

"Bright idea!" said Tom. And then, quoting a letter from Bob written in February, 1943, "We gabbled ideas all the way to Hoboken and across the river. We even



WILL IRWIN

*An ancient member. Author of the Club History, in this Annual.
Photograph by Richard Simon.*

Will Irwin

In the course of a career for which checkered is a colourless word, Bill Irwin has been, in turn (or sometimes simultaneously), elevator boy, cowboy, ham actor, ex-Stanford man, before attaining alumnushood — the x marks the spot where the faculty boot landed — star reporter, unwilling editor, muckraker, casual playwright, novelist, war correspondent, international relief agent, President of sundry and worthy organizations, earnest though unsuccessful political worker, Lyceum and Chautauqua lecturer, and academic L. H. D. That he has never sold bonds or run a brothel is doubtless due to lack of time, rather than of ambition. Life has always been bursting at the seams with Bill. Minor and fascinating details may be found in his gay, recent, and shrewd autobiography, "The Making of a Reporter."

As a recorder of facts, Bill combines a Puritanical conscience with a peculiar clarity of presentation. As a writer, he possesses the fundamental quality of making everything interesting. For the rest, he is a person of wide-open mind, robust humour, warm and enduring qualities of personality and sturdy faith in the eventual salvation (not necessarily by evangelistic agency) of a sorely bedeviled world.

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jotted down a list of names and arranged to call about a dozen in for lunch to talk it over and serve as a committee." The first person they invited was, of course, George Mallon. So on a day in 1905, and presumably in the autumn, the original Dutch Treat Club met with eleven members present. Previous historians have set the place as the old Hotel St. Denis at Eleventh Street and Broadway. Wallace Irwin takes violent exception. "It was a little dump in University Place, just off Union Square," he says. "We didn't move to the St. Denis until we began to grow." All right, Wallace, it is as you say. Whoever calls his brother a liar is in danger of hell-fire. In 1913, the Club issued a membership list which recorded eleven founding members, all present at that meeting, as follows: C. J. Budd, Thomas L. Masson, F. T. Richards, Rupert Hughes, Albert Levering, Wallace Irwin, Douglas Doty, Ellis Parker Butler, James Montgomery Flagg, George B. Mallon, and Robert S. Yard. Probably it is accurate, being written only eight years from the event, but the omission of Old Pop Gibson's name seems curious. Very likely he was asked, but failed to show up that day. It was a strong, well-balanced list — four illustrators and four writers, all either headliners or on their way, two of the least loathed editors in New York, and the kind of publisher with whom a decent party could associate.

Tom Masson presided, and George Mallon took the floor to warn these pioneers that the nearer such a club approximated a state of anarchy, the greater its chance of survival; he raked up the Cloister as an awful example. A Chairman or President — yes. A Secretary — maybe. Dues — no! A home — never! Each member would pay for his own luncheon on the spot; if now and then the President or Secretary had to send out notices, the boys could chip in a quarter apiece for stationery and stamps. George's eloquence so moved them that they swallowed his program whole and tried to elect him President. But

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from twelve o'clock to two, when he was making out the assignments and issuing orders to his cringing reporters — like me, for example — was Mallon's busy period. Only on a very quiet day could he leave his assistant in charge and sneak away. So the choice fell on slender Tom Masson, who looked and behaved so much like an especially genial and humorous churchwarden that when he retired as President, the Club named him Pastor Emeritus.

For one or two sessions, it had no name; then as the members were settling with the waiter, up spoke George Mallon: "I've got it — the Dutch Treat Club!"

"Put that in the form of a motion — carried!" said Tom. It was as simple as that.

So were all other proceedings of the early days. The Club, if it was to survive, needed more membership. With a brutal frankness that set a precedent, they discussed their contemporaries and voted in a first Freshman Class. Julian Street was in this company, and Old Pop Gibson and, perhaps, the writer. Masson and Flagg circulated through the artistic clubs like The Players and the *Salmagundi*, tapping candidates. A few declined the honor — this, they said, was only another of those mushroom clubs which were always springing up and dying in New York. Membership did not begin to swell until the public-spirited John O'Hara Cosgrave, who had been exiled in Boston while he wrestled with the exposés of Thomas W. Lawson, came back to his desk at *Everybody's* and was recruited by Ray Brown and Gilman Hall. As the pioneers of the Authors' League know, Jack Cosgrave is a magnificent groundbreaker. Besides, this Club was actually receiving editors on an equality with authors, and Jack, comparatively new to New York, had resented the manner in which contributors high-hatted their rightful lords. Soon after we moved to the St. Denis, we stopped admitting members by popular vote and left the matter to the President, with Jack sometimes pulling strings in

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the background. Exactly why we left the St. Denis, no one seems to remember. Probably the quarters there had become a little squeezed for our increasing membership, or it may have been that old debbil of the Dutch Treat, some kick about the provender. At any rate, we moved southward and westward to the Brevoort, whose French cuisine was then at the height of its reputation.

Shortly afterward, George Mallon's idea of a club run solely according to the laws of nature came near to wrecking us. Moffatt and Yard had just published George Sylvester Viereck's *Ninevah and Other Verses*, which created a mild sensation among the critical and sophisticated. Whatever Viereck is now, he was then a poet of great promise, and the book had a spark of the divine fire. However, it had also a touch of what that age called decadence; even in this period, no one would say that it breathed an odor of fresh woods and new-mown hay. Carelessly, the Dutch Treat let him in. Having scandalized the critics, he had adopted shock tactics as his personal line. Rumors of the topics on which George Sylvester Viereck talked volubly at the Dutch Treat luncheons may have grown with the telling. But men who had begun work as police reporters blushed for the first time in ten years. By his third appearance, attendance shrank to a handful. After he had departed, these hardy souls opened the windows and held a caucus with Tom Masson. If Viereck remained, the Club was finished.

“Expel him!” shouted the mob, which included Moffatt and Yard, his publishers.

“But how can we?” objected Tom, “We've no constitution or rules of order — no machinery to fire a member. And if we should simply tell him that we wanted him to stay away, he might tip off the story to the papers, and we wouldn't want that!”

“Well, it's Viereck or us!” growled the mob.

Then some born lawyer suggested a plan. Let the Presi-

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dent and the Secretary notify all the members that the Dutch Treat Club was officially dissolved. Let members present at this meeting telephone all other members except Viereck that the Club was not dead, but sleeping. Two or three weeks later, we reassembled under the same name and with the same membership, minus the Teutonic peril. But this episode — unique in the annals of clubdom —ended the period of anarchy. Late in 1907, we adopted a constitution and bylaws which, with slight revision in 1913, serve us yet, and set our feet on the road to dictatorship.

It may be that this was the occasion of our leaving the Brevoort. Some old members say so; others declare that we moved, this time, not on account of the fare but because of the cold. Delightfully French, the Brevoort of those days held to Parisian ideas on central heating. Once, coming early into the room to the north of the lobby where we had luncheon at one long table, Monte Flagg shivered, swore, and noticed that an iron screen painted white covered the fireless fireplace. With the corner of a napkin for a brush, and catsup, Tabasco sauce, and pepper sauce for pigments, he painted on it a roaring fire. This did not endear us to the management.

On we went henceforth, northward with the city. To make no more of this, Fred Dayton has worked out our peregrinations as follows:

1. The Little Dump on University Place (according to Wallace Irwin)	5. Keene's Chop House
2. The St. Denis	6. Brown's Chop House
3. The Brevoort	7. The Martinique
4. The Prince George	8. The McAlpin
	9. The St. Regis
	10. The Ambassador
	11. The Park Lane

The pre-Prince George days were our age of innocence, when the Club lived up to its original ideals — to see more of your friends in your own game. At the period of sus-



BRADSHAW CRANDELL
*Remembers the cigarette girl at the McAlpin, and her
didos with some black sheep in our flock.*

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pended animation, we had eighty members, of whom half or two-thirds would show up on Thursday — the original meeting-day. We could still sit round one table, still talk informally and as a body. No Boswell arose to record the quips and cracks which always kept the table laughing — after we admitted Irvin S. Cobb, the laughter swelled to a roar. We joked on Roosevelt's trust-busting, on the marvelous, moving Heatherbloom Skirt-Binding electric sign at Times Square, the new subway, Anthony Comstock, the late Equitable Insurance scandal, Lillian Russell, and that uncertain contraption, the automobile — regarding which, Douglas Doty contributed the following anecdote: He had bought a primitive Ford and was learning to drive it. His father, a gentle, innocent country clergyman, had come to New York for a visit, and Douglas took him in the car for a little tour into Westchester County. The self-starter had not yet arrived; and those old tin cans were easy to stall. When that happened, the driver had to descend and crank it at the risk of breaking his arm if the engine backfired. Nervous at showing off his accomplishment to his parent, Douglas stalled and cranked the car three times. As he climbed back after the third stop, the Rev. Dr. Doty asked mildly:

“Douglas, how many miles does it run before you have to wind it up?”

ACCENT ON THE PIANO

Always we had a piano in the room; and after we had eaten, and while the rest of the company sat conversing in knots, Joe Chase or Jack Lait would sit down and troll out a bawdy song. Monte Flagg always brought along a drawing-board and, as he talked, sat sketching us. A few years afterward, he published a portfolio of these drawings — half sketch, half caricature — which is now a collector's item.

But in more ways than one, adopting a constitution marked the beginning of a new era in the Dutch Treat

History of the Dutch Treat Club

Club. At about the time when we moved to the Prince George, we branched out with an annual dinner, to which we invited a few select guests. That was the day of the formal public banquet when Chauncey M. Depew and Simeon Ford, after-dinner orators, were as much public figures as the radio stars of today. "No speeches!" ruled Tom Masson, "If we can't scratch together a few stunts, we're a poor lot of artists!" The program at that first dinner, as our grizzled pioneers remember it, consisted mostly of songs and skits with "grinds" like those of an old-fashioned university annual. It must have been on this occasion that Joe Chase assembled the first Dutch Treat Quartet (John Barnes Wells, first tenor; William Walker, second tenor; John Benson, baritone; Joe himself, basso), which sang an original and interminable ditty beginning, "What is wrong with Tom Masson — he's all right," and proceeding to enumerate alleged flaws in his character — and so on down through the membership list. Chase sang the solos; and always he stationed himself behind the victim, pointing him out with a derisive finger. "Good, clean fun," comments one of our veterans, "like a gladiatorial show." Some of the members had parlor accomplishments, which they aired, by request, at the dinners. Charles Hanson Towne gave his imitation of Minnie Maddern Fiske. At about this period, Frederick Townsend Martin, a member of the New York "Four Hundred," repented of his wasted past and got himself onto the front pages by radiating patronage on the proletariat. Cosgrave persuaded him to write a series of articles on his "class." Published in *Everybody's*, they were, as intended by the editors, a source of innocent merriment to the barroom wags. Julian Street set the title and the first paragraph to oratorio music. In full evening dress, even to white kid gloves holding a sheet of music, he used to sing it — as follows:



CHARLES DANA GIBSON

Remembers the anxious wives, of 1913, awaiting their husbands' return from our annual dinner.

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(*Maestoso*): *The Passing of the Idle Rich*
The Passing of the Idle Rich
The Passing of the Idle Rich

(*Faint Staccato*): *By Frederick Townsend Martin*

(*Moderato*): *I know society*
I was born in society
I have lived in society for over
fifty years —

Unless my memory goes wrong, he made his début in this rôle at our first annual dinner.

Then there were Cobb stories, strings of them — “Git hung, Nigger,” for example, and the answer of the Negro mammy to the census-taker and the peroration of the mountain lawyer in the case of the cow killed by a locomotive — “If that there train had been run like she ought to been ran, if the bell had been rung like she ought to been rang, finally, gentlemen of the jury, if the whistle had been blowed like she ought to been blew — both of which he done neither — ” Going still more bromidic and justifying the cynic who afterward called us the “Artists’ Rotary Club,” toward the end of this era we added to the program of the dinner one of those community-singing-sheets, with satirical parodies on popular songs of the day. Between courses, we sang the ditties thereon. Sample, to the tune of “Till the Sands of the Desert Grow Cold!”

There are things
That come and go
Like editors
And rain and snow
And silly, fleeting things like palisades
That will not last, you know —
One thing’s
Lasting —
The Parlor Entertainer’s Stunt —



HARRY STATON

*Treasurer of the Club for the past six years.
Drawing by William Oberhardt.*

Harry Staton

Our Treasurer has the world's most extensive knowledge of Gospel Hymns — old and new —, of Scotch whiskey, and of seafood in all forms, crabs especially. He has also a very pretty taste in wines. He was once press agent for Barnum and Bailey's circus; started newspaper work in Brooklyn, as a copy boy, when fifteen. Later, was a leg man on New York papers, including the Sun and the old World. Then he became an editor, and, as such, is still happily remembered, partly because his hand was always in (and out) of his pocket, for the benefit of the broke.

As Editor and Manager of the New York Herald-Tribune Syndicate, he sells the work of Walter Lippmann, Mark Sullivan, J. N. ("Ding") Darling, H. T. Webster, William L. Shirer, and George Fielding Elliott.

He has been our Treasurer since 1938. In that office his principal phobia has been that our budget should always be out of balance — on the credit side.

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*Change it? What rot! He can't and besides he wunt!
He will do that stunt
Till the sands of the desert grow cold
And their infinite numbers are told
God knows Julian Street
That song will repeat,
That song that is ancient with mold —
Bill Irwin with tresses of gold
Shall the Pope-Russell scandal unfold
And Charles Hanson T.
Mrs. Fiske then shall be
Till the sands of the desert grow cold.*

Then — either in 1911 or 1912 — came the glimmer of a new era. One night, Julian Street and Wallace Irwin had a merry meeting. Before they wobbled home, they had composed for the next show, "Bohemia, O Bohemia," a motion-picture scenario that was a burlesque on the crude one-reel silent films then current. They recruited Monte Flagg and me as fellow artists and a flock of editors as extras; and T. Hayes Hunter, notable and genial figure in the West Fourteenth Street establishments, which were the Hollywood of the day, kindly consented to direct it in his own studio. Hayes was a man of his era, which demanded that, as soon as the director gave the word "take" and the operator began to crank, he must stir up the actors by roaring appeals, pleas, and insults at them. Sample remembered all these years from the ravings of T. Hayes Hunter:

"Irwin! Put some life into it! You're supposed to be hungry! Hell, you aren't suffering! Suffer! No — I don't mean the thin Irwin. I mean the fat Irwin—God damn you, fat Irwin, you've got even less brains than your brother!"

The plot was hardly a parody on the cinema shows of the era — they were their own parodies. Scene 1: A squalid garret. Four artists—Julian Street, Monte,

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Wallace, and me — sleeping in union suits and in one bed. They wake, arise, dress by slipping on trousers and shoes, and breakfast on five oyster crackers apiece, which Monte doles out from a bowl. The postman rings. The faces of the artists register hope. He dumps in a cartload of rejected manuscripts and drawings. Faces register despair. (That was where Hunter ordered us to suffer.) Title from Wallace, "They have rejected my masterpiece!" He puts on the one overcoat in the place and goes out. Afraid that he is about to do something desperate, I follow.

Scene 2. A palace of luxury. Round a Renaissance table sit Jack Cosgrave and extra editors from the membership of the Club, drinking champagne and plotting to reduce prices. Enter Wallace with his masterpiece. He lays it on the table and makes a stirring plea. Title, "And I'm so hungry!" Cosgrave takes up the manuscript and runs over the first page ("You with the long nose — can't you look contemptuous?" raved Hunter at this point). Cosgrave throws it onto the floor. Ray Brown stamps on it. I burst into the room in sleeveless undershirt and trousers. Title: "You have broken my brother's heart!"

Scene 3: The attic again. We are all so hungry that we go to bed to forget our misery in sleep.

Scene 4: The artist's dream. Flash — Marble halls with the furniture of a Turkish harem. Three of us artists, wearing full evening dress with top-hats, sit playing poker with twenty-dollar gold pieces. Julian reclines on a divan smoking an Oriental water-pipe, while a Turkish houri (a three-dollar-a-day extra furnished by Hunter) bathes his brow. Flash: Monte pulls a bell-cord. The editors, with low bows, enter, polish our shoes, brush our coats, and serve us caviar, cigars, and champagne. Flash: We are all reclining on divans, while more of Hunter's three-dollar extras perform belly-dances, and editors enviously watch the scene of vice and luxury through the window. Fade-out.

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Hunter said that this was the first amateur motion-picture show ever produced. And it was J. O'Hara Cosgrave's first and perhaps last appearance on any stage. Next year the Club grew more ambitious and produced a two-reeler, "The Millionaire Baby," the scenario furnished by Rupert Hughes with suggestions from dissolute companions. The plot, if such it may be called, centered on an attempt to kidnap for ransom the infant son of the rich Jawn D. Rottensmeller. Interesting to note that, in that age of innocence, we made a fantastic farce of something which became a tragic reality of American life twenty years later. Wallace, as the baby, was an armful for John T. McCutcheon as the nurse; Monte Flagg played the artistic but treacherous private secretary; and Charles Dana Gibson impersonated an especially sinister gang-leader, backed up by such raffish characters as Burgess Johnson, Charlie Towne, John Wolcott Adams, Rupert Hughes, and two of the four artists of the previous show.

ADVENT OF JOHN REED

Then in 1913, a junior member lately out of Harvard opened for us a new era in the Dutch Treat Club and set his own feet on the road to an odd immortality. John Reed was just coming up as a promising young writer and a "dangerous" political rebel. A lone wolf—it is doubtful if any other living human being ever had an ounce of influence on his life and work and ways—his pleasant, boyish exterior overlay a core of steel. He conceived and wrote the libretto for a musical Dutch Treat show and recruited Bill Daly to compose the music before he submitted the manuscript to the directors. It was accepted on sight. "It's Gilbert and Sullivan, that's what it is!" said Monte Flagg or someone, this being in those days, the pinnacle of approbation. And forthwith we put it into rehearsal—at first in my rooms in Washington

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Square South, later in Julian Street's apartment where there was a piano and Mrs. Street, a finished musician, to play it. One thing stands out in the memory of all the surviving actors. As happens in a rehearsal of any new show, amateur or professional, the cast offered suggestions for changes in lines to make them sing better, for insertion of gags which they had thought up themselves, for pieces of comic business. Adamant, Jack Reed announced, "This show goes exactly as I wrote it, or it doesn't go at all," and refused to alter a syllable.

"Everyman, a Morality Play," raked up from the literature of the sixteenth century, had made an unexpected hit on Broadway, a few years before, and was still playing the road. Jack's "Everymagazine, an Immorality Play," was only a remote and almost plotless parody which satirized the magazine business humorously and savagely. At rise of the curtain, the artists stood in the market-place hawking their wares and singing the drinking song which became our Club song, and continued to be until the fashions in music changed. Enter the magazines or their owners to buy and to express themselves in song. Reading over the book of "Everymagazine," one realizes that it wasted mordant wit and ingeniously unorthodox rhymes on ephemeral issues; this alone, probably, prevented it from becoming an American classic. Lyman Abbott, who flourished in those days, had turned his religious weekly, *The Outlook* into an organ for political reform. Hence Lyman Abbott, as impersonated by Burgess Johnson, singing:

*For I — I — I'm the country parson's tutelary,
Ly — Ly — Lyman Abbott of this monastary,
Morally, politically, continually I cry:
I'm the guy — guy — guy
With the eye — eye — eye
For the perquisite stipendiary, very wary I!*



ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN
*In this little chef d'oeuvre, gratefully recalls the
cigarette vender at the Hotel Martinique.*

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Century and *Scribner's* have gone to some quiet, aristocratic, intellectual Valhalla, and *Harper's*, the third of the exclusive trio, saved its life only by going proletarian. So there is little point today in Charlie Towne's impersonation of the trio as an old maid in 1860 costume, who,

*In illuminating snatches since the fall of '61,
(had) been publishing dispatches from the
Battle of Bull Run.*

Through the skit wandered four editors out of a job, singing their opinion of Robert J. Collier, who had just dispensed with Editor Norman Hapgood in circumstances which irked the radical Reed. An aged and decrepit *McClure's* waisted in song that he had muckraked everything under the sun and now — "Alackaday, I've nothing to say, I've nothing to say no more." For the muckraking era was finished and *McClure's* on its way out. In those days, John Adams Thayer was a high meteor in the near-literary heavens. He had made a fortune as business manager of the Ridgeway Company that is no more, had sold out his interest, bought the *Smart Set* and, to account for his spectacular success, published an autobiography titled in successive editions *Getting Ahead* and *Out of the Rut*. . . . "He's a coal box who thinks he's a grand piano," said a cynic among his partners. . . . So John Wolcott Adams, arrayed in a top-hat, many stage diamonds, and a fur-lined overcoat, sang in his fruity baritone:

*"My name's John Adams Thayer,
I am a millionaire,
Perhaps you'll ask me how I got my money.
You all have wondered at
The brains beneath my hat.
It's so easy that it's funny — "*

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We expected and intended to irritate Thayer. But after the show, he bought champagne for the cast. The older *Life*, then rated as the leading American exemplar of refined humor, sang dismally that the best jokes he received through the mail could not be printed lest they bring the blush to maiden cheek. The actor wore only a pink sash for costume, and still feels naked and ashamed whenever he thinks of it. *The American*, *The Cosmopolitan*, and *Everybody's* had entered into combinations with prosperous women's magazines. "We are literary *maques*," they sang, "We none of us are worth a hill of beans. . . . We're supported by the ladies." Shocking interlude — an artists' model in a red sheath gown and picture hat, with a skirt that swept the floor, but a daring V-corsage — sang with the chorus "The Cosmopolitan Mag" —

*Oh, if a spicy yarn you treasure,
I'm at leisure
For your pleasure
Every month I'm full of spice
And naughty Robert Chambers makes it nice —"*

Grand finale: Ensemble singing solemnly in praise of the freedom of the press. A loud explosion outside. The music stops in the middle of a bar. Enter a bulky person in the costume of a Turkish sultan, and escorted by eunuchs — Charlie Norris as "The Advertising Man." Artists, editors, and magazines fall prostrate on their faces. Charlie walks across the stage on their necks. Curtain.

Old-timers are still singing ditties from *Everymagazine*. The following year — and only three months before a pistol shot at Sarajevo ended a golden age of the world — Jack Reed, raising money to go abroad, had five hundred copies of the book of his show cheaply printed and sold them at the annual dinner for fifty cents a copy. This is now a rare collector's item. That European trip started

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him off on his real career, which ended when the Russians buried him in the Kremlin beside Lenin.

Long before this, Tom Masson, who was now doing his work mostly in New Jersey, had found the Dutch Treat Club too heavy an honor and resigned with the valedictory which has become a ritual — “Take it; you’re damn welcome to it!”

James Montgomery Flagg was our most faithful member. Considering that in those days he drew and painted as prolifically as a Rubens, we wondered how he could spare so much time to the Dutch Treat Club. By unanimous vote, we elected him President. “The date?” says Monte himself, “Dates are for the dumb statisticians. Maybe 1908 or 1909 or 1910.” Jack Reed having set the fashion, he wrote for the dinner of 1914 “The Chicken” another full-time show, with Bill Daly furnishing music.

OTHER OF OUR ANCIENT SHOWS

This also was biting satire on the magazine game; we used to sing its theme-song, “This Will Make Our Story Go,” almost as often and as heartily as we did the artists’ drinking song. Since no one else wanted to take all that trouble, Monte followed up with “Not Guilty,” a burn-up of his fellow illustrators, in 1915; “Breath of Scandal,” wherein he paid his respects to the newspapers in 1916; and “Western Stuff,” a burlesque of the “horse opera” motion-pictures, in 1917. (“Maybe the order of events isn’t exact; you heard what I said about the dumb statisticians,” remarks Monte.) Daly and Deems Taylor favored with the music. The Dutch Treat show had attained to its form — a biting and witty revue aimed at current follies.

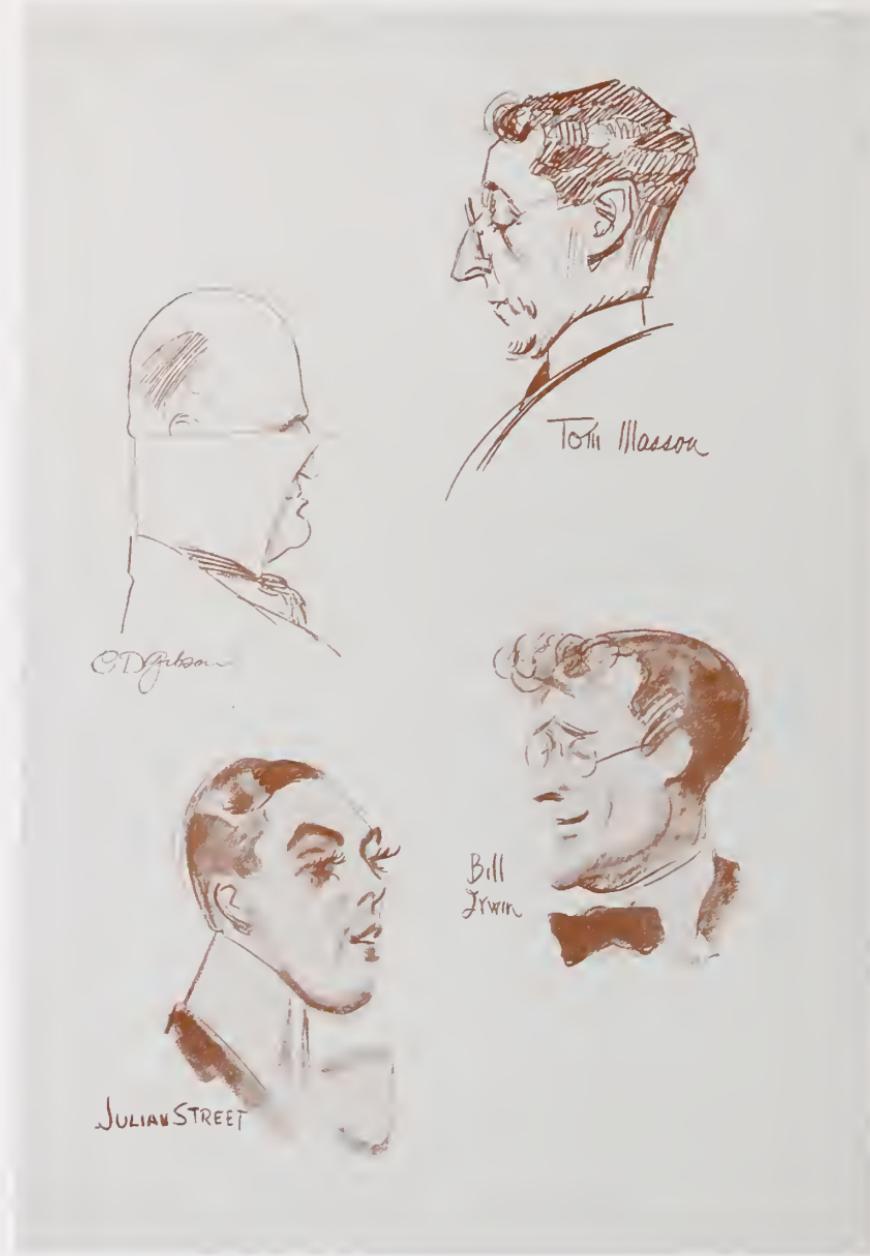
By now, we were becoming famous — or notorious. We had never shrunk from mention in the newspapers, and as early as 1913 they reported the annual shows in “Sunday stories” a little on the fulsome side. We had by

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now a Board of Governors, with Rutger Jewett as Secretary, and William Walker as lifetime Treasurer. . . . As popular a man as there was in the Club, we affected to hate Willie. Whenever he spoke in meeting, he rose to a chorus of hoots and hisses. . . . Also, we had dues disguised as assessments and the same old limit on membership. The waiting list grew and grew, and sponsors for candidates growled and growled. Even when a vacancy occurred, these same sponsors found fault with the selection of a candidate to fill it. In 1916 and 1917, the outward squabbles between isolationists and interventionists, the hidden conflicts in the minds of men who loved peace, but saw that war was inevitable, had reduced the thinking classes to a bundle of raw nerves. That is the real cause for a vivid row in the Dutch Treat Club. We always had, and have yet, a tendency to quarrel genially. Even today, a meeting of the Board of Governors is usually a modified Donnybrook. That time, however, the boys meant it. The left-wingers and the praetorian guard round President Flagg said things about each other that they regret even to this day. And Monte rose up and pronounced his valedictory — “Take it — you’re damn welcome to it!”

Next Tuesday, only three men appeared for luncheon — fat, faithful Gus Huta, scenic artist for most of the shows, Fred Dayton, and Norman Lynd. They called off the luncheon, adjourned to the bar, drowned their inhibitions in Dry Martinis and talked it over. Should the Dutch Treat die? Then Gus and Fred and Norman Lynd would know the reason why! For two or three days, they neglected their jobs and lived at the telephone. By the next Tuesday, members were already apologizing for things they had said in haste, and a small and somewhat shamed-faced luncheon crowd talked it over.

The first thing necessary was a new President. He must be a conciliator, a man who had no part in the late unpleasantness and a Somebody. They found the happy



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG
Twenty-five years ago, sketched these hurried but telling
caricatures, of a few Club notables.



Leo Mellon
M.R.



Rockerthughes



Wallace
Drown
of
Tokio
—
M.R.



Hobson Moran

These sketches were all drawn
at the Club's Sixth Annual Dinner, our banquets having begun
during the seventh year of our existence.

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combination in W. A. Rogers of the *New York Herald*, whom Joseph Pennell, in one of his softer moods, called "the greatest American cartoonist." He was even more than that; before he dug his pencil into politics, Rogers had been one of the best and soundest of our illustrators. With his spruce, well-tailored figure and his perky white moustache, he looked like one of those retired cavalry colonels who haunt the London clubs; and everyone liked him. They raised the membership to two hundred and admitted, in a flock, most of the candidates whom the conservative faction in the Board had turned down. Gradually, the old combatants drifted back to the scene of battle. Monte Flagg melted in time, and two years or so later, wrote for us another of his gaily mordant skits.

THE DUTCH TREAT NEWS

Rogers carried us through our war, although at a slackened pace. We had no dinner and no show in 1918; we made up for that by issuing the *Dutch Treat News*, a four-page, illustrated monthly bulletin for the benefit of younger members fighting overseas or the older ones serving at desks in Washington. Major Billy Hereford, in Paris and Rome, saw that it was distributed; and one old stager of the D.T. remembers the lift it gave his spirits when the Army Mail delivered to him a copy in the embattled Argonne Forest. However, so many of the younger members were in uniform, so many of the older serving in Washington, that attendance was rather scant in proportion to the membership. To compensate for that, warriors or correspondents or dollar-a-year men fresh from London, Rome, or Paris, Udine, Amiens, or Chau-mont were constantly dropping into the Tuesday luncheons to spill facts or fiction about the absorbing topic of the day. Then the Armistice; and in the spring of 1919 we celebrated the peace by resuming the dinner but not the show; too many members were still in France or

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Britain or the Rhine provinces. Member George Creel's Committee on Public Information, represented by members Charles Dana Gibson and Frank de Sales Casey, had directed a committee which met every week at the Salmagundi Club to cook up ideas for posters and other pictorial assaults on the public emotions. In acknowledgement of his service, we presented Gibson with a bust of himself by Mark Fenderson. Made up in character, Norman Lynd impersonated the ever irate Joseph Pennell in his act of denouncing the Kaiser and the committee impartially, while Bob Benchley and Rea Irvin favored with one-man turns.

By now, the show was long established as a custom of the Club. But when that year Mr. Rogers said, "Take it —," etc., we entered another phase — the era of oratory. Even before the crisis of 1917, the original idea of a snug little club where you met your true friends once a week, for exchange of wit and badinage — a kind of Mermaid Tavern — was becoming strained at the seams. It was perfectly appropriate when we had fifty or sixty members, a little awkward when we had one hundred and twenty-five, but an impossibility when we had two hundred. Even in the reign of King Flagg, a luncheon sometimes resolved itself into a reception for some literary or artistic celebrity, with Irvin Cobb extending a barbed welcome, and the guest, if he had any wind left in him, replying in kind. William J. Locke, it is remembered, spoke gracefully and with finished English wit. Frank Harris (what with his heavy black moustache turned up at the corners and his flashy clothes, he resembled an old-time Western gambler) took Cobb's quips too personally and made something of a scene. By way of a mild practical joke, Flagg announced that the Club always lived up to its name, and made Arnold Bennett pay his own cheque. Either through resentment or through embarrassment, Bennett stood stuttering and sputtering;

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and this episode was the basis of Walter Hale's imitation, renowned in its day, of Arnold Bennett making a speech while trying to manage his swivelled front tooth.

Also, during this period, members who, like this one, had run home for a rest from the European fronts, would take the floor and give an informal talk on the war.

With Rogers gone, there rose the perennial howl for Mallon. When Munsey bought and blighted the *Sun*, George had passed on to the Ridgeway Company, magazine publishers, following which he went Wall Street as public relations man for the Bankers' Trust Company. As I can testify, when he governed the reporters on the *Sun* he scorned public oratory and after-dinner speakers. However, in some manner unknown, he was persuaded to address a doctor's convention in New Jersey and made such a hit that his fame as a speaker spread. Guiltily he admitted to me that he had begun to like what once he loathed. But when a committee waited on him to offer him the crown, he declined reluctantly. "You fellows don't know Wall Street," he said in effect. "It's another world. You've got to be painfully respectable down here. President of the Dutch Treat! You might as well ask me to keep a bawdy house! They'd expect me to be a defaulter within six months. Sorry, but I have to eat."

An evening or two later, Fred Dayton, dining out of his class, met a Vice-President of the Bankers' Trust Company. When the ladies retired, Fred backed this fated man into a corner and introduced the subjects of George Mallon and the Dutch Treat Club. George was a swell bird. Everybody liked him. As an esteemed member of the D.T., George was in a position to do a lot for his firm. Every big newspaper and magazine editor belonged to it. In fact, it was the fountainhead of public opinion for the United States. As the Dutch Treat Club went, so went the country. Gulping a little, Fred added that the best-selling authors and fashionable illustrators

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represented therein made a lot of money — big, steady, substantial incomes crying out for sound investment. The Club had been trying to get George to take the presidency. But the modest, self-effacing fellow had declined.

“Why does the goddam fool take that attitude?” exploded the Vice-President of the Bankers’ Trust.

And next day, George found on his desk a memorandum virtually ordering him to accept the throne.

He knew that the Club had outgrown the old, intimate era. And he conceived the idea afterward satirized as the “Artists’ Rotary Club” — a weekly guest-speaker, a really big shot, talking off the record. To emphasize that last point, he devised the rose which droops over the heads of our guests as a reminder to the members. And, by way of variety, a little good, professional music. Considering the eminent journalists and literary men in the audience, statesmen and big shots and prima donnas should be glad to accept for the advertising.

However, he was immured in Wall Street. Someone else would have to recruit the talent. Jack Cosgrave was now editing the Sunday section of the *New York World* and specializing on interviews with celebrities. “I’ll take the job if you’ll recruit the performers,” he said to Cosgrave, “I’m in no position to do that. You are.” With unexpected celerity, Cosgrave accepted. “Philanthropy and club loyalty — Hell!” said he when someone praised his generous act. “There I was, walled in — sitting at a desk dying to have a look at the celebrities our reporters were interviewing. This was my chance.” The job was not especially trying, at that. He simply picked his man, whether senator or soldier, bureaucrat or best-seller, and sent forth Members Karl Kitchen or William A. (“Deacon Bill”) Johnston, his most trusted star reporters, to get him. When it came to Metropolitan opera stars, concert violinists, and cabaret (afterward night-club) entertainers, Jack enlisted the services of musical editors on the daily



JOHN HOLMGREN

*In a haze of memory, re-visualizes the coat-room girl,
during our days at the Hotel Prince George.*

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newspapers; and so, without undue effort, gained a reputation as a man who accomplished a vast amount of work in a marvelously small space of time.

Tying up a few loose ends: the medal of the Dutch Treat Club — made of plaster — was not, as many suppose, invented by George Mallon. Early in World War I., a few members drifted back from Europe wearing foreign decorations. These Monte Flagg burlesqued with a gilded Maltese cross on a red ribbon, which, as birthday honors, he used to hang round the necks of members who had done something for the Club. With the honor went a "citation" calculated to make a man bite the banisters. Then Mark Fenderson modeled the permanent and familiar design — the member, dressed in topper, tails, and monocle, compressed into a Y.M.C.A. triangle and suffering from after-effects of the annual show.... When that good sport, Prince William of Sweden, addressed us, the substitute for George Mallon unfortunately noticed the pattern of his aristocratic countenance. From the front, it looked like a circle flanked by two slightly smaller circles that were his ears. You know in advance what happened: fascinated by this design, the Chairman hung the medal not 'round the princely neck, but from the royal ears. . . . The battery of pianos which are the accompaniment for the annual show — that happened because we could not afford an orchestra for *Everymagazine*. The arrangement worked so well that we have maintained it. From Bill Daly and Art Samuels, of the archaic period, to Harry Gilbert, Robert Armbruster, and Bill Reddick among the moderns, what masters of the piano have performed that thankless task for us! This is not a catalogue; but I feel obliged to mention those almost perpetual Vice-Presidents and pinch-hitters, the caustic Julian Mason and the suave George Barr Baker. The Dutch Treat Quartet changed its personnel, but not its heart, as it trolled. Ray Vir Den, John Barnes Wells, Paul Parks, and Jim Stanley, and others

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diluted or enriched the original membership, but for a quarter of a century at one end squatted Joe Chase, his chin down in his collar and an expression of radiant joy in art on his countenance as he shook the chandeliers with a low C.

PROHIBITION AND OUR ANNUAL DINNER

Nineteen-twenty, when our paladins and solons were creeping back from the war, when the Senate was wrecking the League of Nations, when we were just beginning to talk of the post-war generation, when women got the vote and John Barleycorn the hook — and a new order for the Dutch Treat Club. By the time of the annual dinner, one problem weighed heavily on the oft-mentioned Joe Chase. A bone-dry Dutch Treat dinner and show? An anomaly, an impossibility! So he passed the hat among the members, bought a wealth of wines and liquors, stored it in Fred Dayton's apartment, and, in defiance of the law, transported it to the club where we dined and performed that year. The program reveals that Rea Irvin was already writing lyrics for our shows and that Berton Braley as bard and Arthur Samuels as composer had begun a partnership which was to last through many years. Percy Waxman had not yet peeped over the horizon. John Balderston has his name on a brief playlet, possibly his first production. Finally, a modest line announces that a certain Mr. Marc Connelly directs Flagg's playlet, "A Wayward Father." . . . How many beginnings we have seen in the Dutch Treat! A few years before, Robert Benchley, listed as writer and editor, had made himself up as Cyrus C. Curtis, with whom he had a bone to pick, convulsed us with his Treasurer's Report, followed that with his indescribably comic lecture on the love-life of the polypus, and passed on to the radiant glory of Hollywood. So did Gene Lockhart; he is listed in the early books as a writer; on later programs as musical composer. And

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Robert Sherwood's first produced play was a skit for the Dutch Treat show. . . . Legend holds that Harold Gould, of the majestic stage presence and the rich speaking voice, played in that 1920 show and in every other since. This is true, with one trifling amendment. So far as the record shows, he did not take his first part with us until the show of 1921.

Also, that first dinner in the reign of Mallon saw the original Year-Book, a twelve-by-seven, paper-covered pamphlet containing O'Malley's history of the Club — gorgeously witty even if deliberately imaginative as to details; photographs of President Mallon and Flagg; the program of the show, and the familiar, useful list of members, with addresses. During the next two years, this annual shrank to the dimensions of those memorandum-books which ladies carry in their bags. Not until 1923, the year when Coolidge became President and the great boom began, did it settle to its permanent format of a quarto whose size is the only modest thing about it.

A social historian inspecting, a century hence, the complete file so carefully kept by Harold Gould might go fatally wrong on feminine costume in the 1920's and 1930's. In 1923, he would say, "They swathed themselves modestly in square rods of cloth and fur and feathers." To prove it, there's a Gibson girl, frontispiece to this book. By 1925, there are one or two nudes in classic or faerie surroundings, indicating to the historian that these are only fantasies; but the modern woman, as drawn by Wallace Morgan, is still voluminously clothed. In 1927, woman is shedding 'em, as symbolized by a John La Gatta girl viewed from the rear while undressing; also Fred Steele contributes a young person who has forgotten all her garments except her shoes and stockings; John E. Sheridan, a princess of Cathay who wears only sandals and head-dress; and Dean Cornwell, "The Forging of the Chastity Belt," wherein the lady wears no clothes at all.

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By 1929, George Ilian, or somebody, has taken off the lid and thrown it away. Begging your pardon, gentlemen, for introducing statistics; in 1929 between the end-papers and tailpiece appear 53 representatives of the sex that may not join the Dutch Treat. Two of them are almost fully clothed, although the accompanying jokes are not. As for the other 51, they have between them only the following garments: pairs of stockings and shoes, 11; pairs of earrings, 2; head-dresses, 2; pairs of gloves, 1; corset, 1. This deplorable and fascinating tendency continued even unto 1942. . . . Seriously, gentlemen, they are swell drawings, limned for love, not money. They go to prove what a real artist can do when he casts aside commercial considerations and draws from his soul. As for the literary contents, I shall name no names. I am in that game myself, and I know not whom I dare leave out. Suffice it that they also are swell, not to say tumescent.

RUPERT HUGHES—INCORRIGIBLE

As for oratory, George no sooner began to show his lions to the tigers than that subtle man conspired with Rupert Hughes to make a Roman holiday. In that period when, as now, idealists were planning a post-war world, many of our eminent guests had a hobby to air. With rare exceptions, when the applause died down George would call on Rupert to reply on behalf of the Club. Soon we began to notice that Rupert was a man of admirably fluid opinions. Was the speaker a pacifist? Rupert would unfurl the starry banner, unveil the stone wall at Gettysburg, and ask if Americans had sunk so low that they no longer cared to defend their country. Was our guest-victim a militarist? Rupert would go as far in the other direction as a reserve officer dared. A Red? The D.A.R. was a cooing lady-dove beside Rupert. A Red-baiter? Rupert would go as far toward Moscow as a member of the Legion dared. Only one guest-speaker, his identity



FRANK CROWNINGSHIELD
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

FRANK CROWNINGSHIELD

*First Vice-President, and Editor of this Year-Book.
Sketched by James Montgomery Flagg.*

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forgotten, couldn't take it. When Rupert sat down, he rose, yelled for silence, talked back, and grew abusive. Which impelled George to rap him to order and to tell — probably for the first time—the story of the mother skunk and her six little skunklets. A pack of dogs had driven them to refuge on a high rock, when they saw another pack coming from the other side. They were cornered.

"Oh, Mama, what shall we do now?" quavered the little skunks.

"Let us spray," replied Mother Skunk.

However, even before Rupert went Hollywood this sport palled, and we had our oratory straight. In earlier times, the house itself used to talk back when bored or displeased. "Louder — and funnier" — Martin Egan, tradition holds, first emitted that mossbound American crack at a Dutch Treat luncheon. In the reign of Rogers came a British officer with a special talent for rendering an interesting subject dull. Having talked far past the two o'clock deadline, he added, blandly:

"And now, I should be pleased to answer any questions you might care to ask."

A pause. Then the voice of Rube Goldberg:

"What was the year of the Johnstown flood?"

Statistics, gentlemen, are but dull stuff. Our research department has estimated that, allowing for double bills, in the twenty-three years from 1920 to 1942 inclusive, about 1,150 speakers have addressed the Dutch Treat Club. To these, add about 800 musical or night-club turns, and John Mulholland. One can not catalogue them all; not even the ones who began "I have been told that this is the most sophisticated audience in the United States." Whisper low — it is not. Often it falls for a simple turn or speech that would amuse a kindergarten or inspire an idiot asylum. Artists are that way. Who among us saw and heard Gene Tunney, when he brought and elucidated to us the first motion-pictures of his first

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fight with Dempsey, but remembers it better than Hjalmar Schacht's justification of German finance or Huey Long's promise of \$5,000 a year for every family, or even The Provincial Lady with her neat speech on clubs and the neater snapper: "Weel, I maun tell ye that the har-r-lot walks at eight?" In fact, lecture-managers who have used us as the dog to try out new "talent" say that we are a deceptive audience. When we like a speaker, a musician, or a performer, we like him—or her—inordinately. On the other hand, when he has a touch of the spurious, with some audiences an asset, we dislike him with equal intensity, applaud politely, and grouse as we depart.

In twenty years, we've lacked only one five-star feature for the platform under the rose—a President of the United States during his administration. However, one Vice-President—Wallace—has talked to us, and two more—Coolidge and Dawes—have attended the shows as guests. In the days without oratory, Theodore Roosevelt, as an ex-President, lunched with us once or twice, and Member Herbert Hoover filled a program both before and after he boarded at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. In so far as anyone remembers, we've never had a reigning monarch. But we've put up Princes in bunches, like asparagus or Senators. We've had Premiers and full Generals, social philosophers and high technicians, literary ladies from London, new phenomenal best-sellers, European nobility, Army and Navy chiefs of staff, mountain climbers, Arctic and tropical explorers, pioneer ocean fliers, screen celebrities, Cabinet members, eminent refugees from the Bolsheviks, the Fascists, and the Nazis, war correspondents flown straight from shellfire in Spain and France, Egypt and Greece, New Guinea and Singapore. And patting ourselves on the back for a moment, we've exercised, in our odd way, real power in these United States. The speaker with something to say—especially

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if it be something new — has an audience comprising the management of all the national press bureaus, editors, columnists, and star reporters on all the greater New York newspapers and magazines, and a horde of writers who love a new idea, provided someone has saved them the trouble of thinking it up. Those Tuesday luncheons of the Dutch Treat Club have been for twenty years a potent agent in forming public opinion.

All that did not happen by chance. In the background slunk Jack Cosgrave, with his black editorial mind. After the *World* left this world, he lost his slaves and procurers and had to do his job himself. And in the foreground, serving as Chairman at the luncheons, stood President George Mallon, rapping for order. He had a style of his own, which set a fashion for toastmasters. In our archaic slang, we called it the sugar-coated lemon — although a pepper-coated sugar plum would be a better comparison. He began usually by slamming the unfortunate man until the red began to rise in his neck. Then, as subtly, he turned on the praise until the speaker rose in the proper, genial mood. It was a work of art; one hair's-breadth further, and jest would have become offence. But he always pulled up short of the line.

In 1928, George died. The tributes in the book that year, the formation of the George Mallon Fund in his memory, were not hollow mortuary compliments. Everyone who knew him, and especially everyone who ever worked under him, treasures the memory of that wit and gentleman. During his last illness, Clarence Budington Kelland generally acted as a substitute for him. Bud Kelland had written some of the best sketches for the shows. Transferring him from the dramatic department to the oratorical, we made him President and Chairman. Bud came to power before the Big Jolt of 1929, after which all the world went hardboiled. He took George Mallon's method, let out notches here and there, and

History of the Dutch Treat Club

created a style of his own, which was at its best when the speaker happened to be a politician. For example, his introduction of two eminent speakers.

For Hon. Henry P. Fletcher in 1934:

“Our speaker today has been made Chairman of the Republican National Committee and that, somehow, seems to me like taking the job of janitor in a haunted house.”

For Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt in 1936:

“The most astonishing thing about Mrs. Roosevelt is her ability to get to places. That ability is so marked that — in spite of all I can do to prevent it — she is, once more, going to get to the White House.”

When Bud became a brilliant star in the constellation of the National Republican Committee, he found no time for avocations like literature and thinking up cracks for the Dutch Treat. His farewell speech gave us a glimpse of the great heart beating under the rough, cynical exterior of that he-man from Port Washington and Arizona. At the very climax, a waiter dropped a plate; and Bud never dropped even a syllable. So in 1941 we reached into the dramatic department again and hauled out Ray Vir Den, who combines the courtliness of a Crowninshield, the mellowness of a Mallon, the benevolent brutality of a Bud Kelland, and the craft of a Cosgrave.

GROWTH OF THE CLUB'S SHOWS

During these years, the shows had grown into an institution. Statistics, gentlemen, are always boresome. From 1920 to 1941, inclusive, these performances have presented about 170 turns, sketches, and playlets. He who catalogued them all would have the bleak soul of a filing clerk; he who tried to choose between them, the hard heart of a dramatic critic. They have been a happy combination of the amateur and the professional. Painters, novelists, and advertising men who write drama for the fun of it



DEAN CORNWELL

*Regrets our leaving the old Brevoort, and particularly regrets leaving
Bettine, its hoop-skirted hat-girl.*

History of the Dutch Treat Club

have varied the work of professionals like Connelly, Kaufman, A. E. Thomas, Sherwood, and Hooker (I hope I haven't left anyone out) who had on their chests some trifle too daring or delicate to be clapper-clawed by the palms of the vulgar. Tossing off a Dutch Treat sketch is nothing to an artist as versatile as Jack Hines, but who except a Dutch Treater would associate Rube Goldberg and Rollin Kirby with creative drama? The reaction of this audience to the shows is like its response to the speakers — a keen appreciation of delicious trifles. I cite an example from remote antiquity: Marc Connelly's *Traveler* in 1926. There were three actors in the cast, and they were, come to think of it, symbolic of the blending of professions and talents in the Dutch Treat shows. Marc himself figures as a professional playwright, but he reserves his impersonation of Mr. Typical American — innocent, interested in everything, excruciatingly anxious to please — for his amateur moments. Jim Wallace is listed in the books as attorney and writer. Joseph M. Kerrigan, of course, is a professional actor, and an actor's actor at that. Scene: the smoking-room of a Pullman train standing in Grand Central Station. Enter *Passenger* (Connelly) escorted by *Porter* (Kerrigan), who staggers under a load of suitcases, bags, hat-boxes, and golf-clubs. Much fuss over making *Passenger* comfortable. Train starts. Enter *Conductor* (Wallace), seats himself for a smoke and converses with *Passenger* over the pains the line takes with its guests, the scenery on that route, the management's sad failure to send, on this trip, the sister car to the one they occupy. From off-stage comes the voice of the brakeman, "One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street!" Enter *Porter*, to load himself with the luggage. Exit *Porter* and *Passenger*. Curtain.

That is all; not interesting to read in synopsis; but, as acted, it rolled the Dutch Treat Club in the aisles. So did some brief samples of Ring Lardner's skill in cuckoo wit.

History of the Dutch Treat Club

Most daring of all, and not less successful, was a little experiment which Bob Benchley, Arthur Samuels, and Percy Waxman conceived and put through. It consisted simply of the last eight minutes — the suicide scene — of “*Hedda Gabler*,” with Henry Clapp Smith as *Hedda*, Harold Gould as *Judge Brack*, George Mitchell as *Tesman*, and Richard Leonard as *Thea*. Splendidly acted, it stuck to Ibsen’s text in letter and spirit, with one set of exceptions. After an effective speech, the character would stride to the footlights, get the spot, and render an appropriate lyric. At the end, *Hedda*, in a Gay-Nineties dress in grey and purple with puffed sleeves, rose from the dead to sing in jazz-time:

*I'm Hedda the kid with the Norwegian punch,
I'm peppy and snappy from breakfast to lunch,
The army of men that I've petted and kissed
Would look like the whole New York telephone list.
I treat the boys rough, but they eat up my stuff,
They flock around Momma like flies in a bunch,
They sue me, they woo me, oh Gee, how they pursue me!
For I'm Hedda, the kid with the punch.*

At the curtain, David Belasco had his head in Otis Skinner’s lap, and the tears were streaming down their cheeks.

All this when Henry Clapp Smith was Chairman of the entertainment committee; by virtue of his office, director, producer, coach, dancing master, actor, and trouble-shooter for most of the shows. In that period, when the advanced novelist was advancing from adultery to free love to incest to homosexuality, the subject-matter of a few sketches tended to violate Victorian proprieties. When Reed and Flagg ruled the boards, we used to draw on the studios for guest-actresses. Now, perforce, we took to versatile actors from the Club, specially instructed not to be too damned, ghastly realistic as female imperson-

History of the Dutch Treat Club

ators. In 1925, the year of the embellished "Hedda Gabler," some of the older members started a reform movement. We put on a show as pure as a church sociable, and repeated it at the Lyceum Theatre the following Sunday night for the Ladies' Auxiliary.

That performance, as originally given, had one slight hitch. The main turn, "It's Night Time in Nichtheim," a burlesque on "The Student Prince," required a comedy waiter. One of our most valued members — as a man, an artist, and an actor — rehearsed the part, but never played it. As any horse rates one runaway in his life, so every temperate man rates one binge. This was his night. Having brought guests with hip flasks, he dined too well. He got into his costume, made up — and fifteen minutes before curtain-time, faded out. Rea Irvin, author, and Art Samuels, composer, dumped him onto a couch backstage, held a hurried rehearsal, transferred his lines and business to Rea, and went ahead. All during the performance he lay there sleeping while passing hotel waiters, taking him for one of their own, snickered cruelly as they speculated on what would happen when the boss found him. Ever since, the actors have dined in solitary exclusiveness backstage, with the Chairman of the entertainment committee watching each bend of their elbows.

CALVIN COOLIDGE HONORS THE CLUB

In that prohibition period, hard liquor was our curse — but not in the way you think. The news got about that the Dutch Treat show was something spicy and desirable. To the heavy advertiser from Detroit or Washington, it seemed an orgy; to the United States Senator, an occasion where he might safely unbend . . . as aforesaid, Calvin Coolidge attended our show in 1923. When he thanked his host and said goodnight, he added: "Entertaining evening. Especially interesting to see what the American people laugh at!" . . . We had to bring our own; and the typical

History of the Dutch Treat Club

guest, after giving a cocktail party in his room at the hotel, returned hospitality at the dinner with a flask on either hip and a bottle under his arm. You remember the process — “Le’s finsh the bottle — can’t carry’t ‘ome to the l’il woman!” All during the show, a flurry in some corner of the audience and a flight of waiters would mark the spot where someone, almost invariably a guest, had slid under the table and passed out. Eventually, we had to limit and censor the guest-lists.

After the show of 1926, Smith felt the pressure of business; and the next year Bud Kelland took over. Not only that — he wrote “Marco Polo,” a spectacular satire on the salesman and the go-getter; he wrung lyrics out of Braley and Waxman and Hooker; he drew music out of Redding and Armbruster, Samuels and Gilbert; he stood over Charlie Falls while that patient artist made the most of his opportunity to sling himself on Venetian and Chinese costumes and scenery; he kept ‘em all sober on The Night. Then he resigned from the entertainment committee and resumed the tranquil job of President. Ray Vir Den succeeded him. This reserved, silent, sterling young man had by honest industry and absorption in his art worked his way up from a mere super to the front rank of the chorus, and had finally risen to speaking and singing parts. From then until 1941, Ray was our dictator of drama. (Odd, isn’t it, that a club which started on the anarchistic theory went totalitarian in the end!)

Even before Vir Den, the shows were reaching for a permanent form. They attained it under him. Each began with a prologue, sung by Werrenrath or Stanley or Wells or John Charles Thomas; usually it ended with a spectacular flourish. Always it had a general theme — a satire on advertisers, censorship, picture magazines, the movies, the American business man, prohibition, or some other folly of the day. True, it did not always stick to the subject. You can’t read social significance into Otto Soglow’s

History of the Dutch Treat Club

Little King. In the depression, Ray pulled no punches. We are still singing "Four Prominent Bastards." In 1930, Brian Hooker's "Rumbelow" nearly got us onto the front pages. It was a withering blast against prohibition, in which the rum-runners got Uncle Sam so drunk that he made Liberty walk the plank. One of our out-of-town guests did not bring a hip flask. Returning to his hotel, he wrote to his Congressman, reporting on us. Treasonably, we scofflaws had made light of the Constitution, he complained; and he demanded a Congressional investigation, with committee hearings. Someone gave out the letter to the Washington correspondents, who put it onto the wires. "Let 'em investigate!" said Bud Kelland when interviewed for a second-day story, "I'll welcome the opportunity to tell the So-and-Sos what I think!" That sinister threat stopped Congress dead in its tracks.

GEORGE M. COHAN SINGS HIS LAST

Sex, raw sex, faded gradually out of the shows, though not out of the Year-Book. The little boys lost their interest in the human generative apparatus and turned their attention to the human sewage system. Even that was palling on them by the spring of 1941 when, though we didn't realize it at the time, we gave the last show for the duration. That night Member George M. Cohan made his first appearance as a Dutch Treat actor and his last as an actor on any stage. A year later we were at war; two years, and the beloved George was dead. As a finale to the show, he took centre stage with the cast massed behind him for a chorus and sang "Mary Is a Grand Old Name," "It's a Grand Old Flag," and "Over There."

No better man could have pronounced in a better way the benediction on an era.

Necrology, 1942-1943

Walter F. Bullock, *May 1, 1942*

Loren Stout, *July 9, 1942*

Devitt Welsh, *July 11, 1942*

Roger B. Whitman, *July 21, 1942*

Arnold Genthe, *August 9, 1942*

Condé Nast, *September 19, 1942*

George M. Cohan, *November 5, 1942*

J. Norman Lynd, *November 7, 1942*

William M. DeBeck, *November 11, 1942*

Lemuel Parton, *January 30, 1943*

C. Roy Dickinson, *February 23, 1943*

Our Speakers, Singers, and Entertainers for the 1942-43 Season

By JOHN O'HARA COSGRAVE

WHATEVER its values, the subjoined list has variety. Call it a hodge-podge if you will, but when rendered, all the items had timeliness. At least the proponents or their subjects were familiar, or should have been so, to a group which perforce must keep their eyes on the news. That all of us knew, in advance, what the speaker of the week, or the performer, actually stood for, is asking more than conditions permit or even versatility allows, but the individuals nominated had all had their days in the sun of publicity.

In presenting unknowns, we relied on our past record to justify experiment. Obviously all would flock to see and hear H. J. Kaiser, Secretary Knox, Ambassador Grew or Seversky, whereas Virgil Pinkley, for instance, whose war talk was the season's best, had to be taken on trust.

One knew that Dr. Max Lerner, Sir Norman Angel and Herbert Agar had addressed audiences throughout the country and were skillful speakers, as well as writers. Only by hearing them, however, could one know how aptly they played the parts their reputations assigned them, or how cogent their arguments. The most definite expression of its approval the Club can offer is that of standing to applaud. It was extended, by our group, to Herbert Hoover and to several of the great singers who came to us as guests.

We are in the midst of a war and many of us are in actual touch with its administration. There's not time, in the brief interval after luncheon, save for high lights, trends or long-distance views. From Major-General Oliver we had the graphic particulars of the North

Our Speakers, Singers, and Entertainers for 1942-43

African engagement. Major-General Mitchell conveyed us a sense of the ordeals of the Marines on Guadalcanal; Colonel Leroy P. Hunt, an all too brief account of the perilous landing there. Frank Gervasi helped us to realize the conditions of fighting in Lybia and along the Mediterranean. Henry J. Taylor's narrative of the fall of Tobruk was especially enlightening, as was Henry N. Hall's exposition of the political situation in French Africa, Henry J. Cassidy's explanation of current reactions in the Soviet Republic and Edward Tomlinson on South American politics.

Among the fine memories of the season should be recounted the singing of the great artists who were guests at our weekly reunions, such as the first magnitude stars of the Metropolitan Opera — Alexander Kipnis, Enzio Pinza, Kurt Baum, John Charles Thomas, Irra Petina, among others. Thanks are also due to the virtuosi who played so brilliantly, and to the stars of the theatre who appeared before us. Of Entertainment, pure and simple, the best performances were by the inimitable Victor Borge and Gracie Fields.

The Entertainment Committee:

John O'Hara Cosgrave, *Chairman*,
Howard Taubman, Burns Mantle, John Chapman,
Frank Mason.

Our Aides and Accessories:

Lowell Thomas, Richard Simon, Earl Lewis, Jules Seebach, Percy Waxman, Frank Crowninshield, Lodewick Vroom, James Garrett Wallace, Bennett Cerf, J. B. Pond, John Farrar, Alfred Knopf, Ben Huebsch, John T. Flynn, William L. Chenery.

Coadjutors-at-Large:

William Colston Leigh, Harold Peak, W. B. Feakins, Clark H. Getts.



LOUIS FANCHER

*Bemoans the day when we were all Pierrots, and Harlequins,
or, at any rate, THOUGHT that we were.*

A Roster of Speakers, Singers and Entertainers at Our Luncheons

HOW MANY OF THESE DID YOU MISS?

ANNALS OF THE 1942-1943 SEASON

April 7

ILKA CHASE . . . The town's new wit.

GENERAL LEWIS B. HERSHEY . . . America's Minotaur.

ANNUAL ELECTION . . . Bud Kelland promoted to be President-Emeritus; Ray Vir Den to the Presidency.

April 14

ROMAN TOTENBERG . . . Musicologist and violin virtuoso.

COLONEL ARTHUR J. ENIS . . . Troubles of a Censor.

PAUL J. KERN . . . As to Belgian Blocks.

April 21

BURL IVES . . . Cowboy songs with the right flavor.

ALBERT KAHN . . . Subversion and sabotage.

April 28

THE GREAT NICOLA . . . Autobiography of a magician.

SINGAPORE JOE FISHER . . . Superb film of Malaysia.

May 5

GRAHAM SPRY . . . The Indian misadventure of Stafford Cripps.

DR. MAX LERNER . . . One of the year's best speeches.

May 12

CYRUS L. SULZBERGER . . . Close-up of the invasion of Serbia.

MAJOR ALEX P. SEVERSKY . . . Leave aeronautics to aviators.

Speakers, Singers and Entertainers at Our Luncheons

May 19

ZERO MOSTELL . . . A genuine comic.

NAT FLOYD . . . America must waken to war.

GEOFFREY PARSONS . . . Pulitzer Prize Editor scans the horizon.

May 26

MISS ASTRID VARNAY . . . The Metropolitan's soprano.

DR. FRANZ J. POLGAR . . . Memory racketeer.

June 2

GRACIE FIELDS . . . England's great lady of the music halls.

HERBERT AGAR . . . The Voice of the Prophet.

June 9

LILLIAN RAYMONDI . . . Young lark soaring.

LOUIS P. LOCHNER . . . The A.P.'s sage correspondent's Berlin story.

WILLIAM H. DAVIS . . . Production by Persuasion.

ANNUAL SUMMER BLACKOUT

In which Harry Murphy enacts the role of Warden for the little Dutch Treat lunch parties at the Park Lane.

NEW SEASON OPENS WITH ECLAT, AND TIPS

October 20

ALEXANDER KIPNIS . . . Metropolitan's famous basso.

CAPTAIN HARTZELL SPENCE . . . Characteristics of our new Army.

October 27

JOHN CHARLES THOMAS . . . Superlative pinch-hitting.

EDWARD TOMLINSON . . . Axis losing in South America.

Speakers, Singers and Entertainers at Our Luncheons

November 10

DOROTHY SARANOFF
VIRGINIA MCWATTERS } . . . Highlights of "Rosalinda."
ERICH KORNGOLD
AMBASSADOR JOSEPH C. GREW . . . Our Foes, the Japanese.

November 17

ENZIO PINZA . . . One of the great singers of the period.
FRANK GERVASI . . . What the Mediterranean War is like.

November 24

THE REVUERS, RADIO'S 5 . . . Industrious amateurs.
CECIL BROWN . . . Unexpected tub-thumping.

December 1

MAJOR-GENERAL R. J. MITCHELL . . . Ordeals of life on
Guadalcanal.

HENRY N. HALL . . . Close-up of Admiral Darlan.

December 7

MISS IRRA PETINA . . . The Metropolitan's new "Carmen."
VIRGIL PINKLEY . . . Most illuminating war talk of the
season.

December 14

ERNST WOLFF } . . . Extracts from "Treasury of
DR. LEONARD DEUTSCH } the World's Folk Songs."
OWEN LATTIMORE . . . Chinese — The Coming Race.

December 22

ZINO FRANCECATTI . . . Latest addition to the royalty of
the violin.

CURT REISS . . . Inside history of German General Staff.

December 29

ANNUAL CHILDREN'S PARTY, with John Mulholland as
Poo Bah, offering solo demonstrations of all the
magic arts to a brood of Dutch Treat progeny; Bill
Reddick furnishing sound track on the Steinway.

Speakers, Singers and Entertainers at Our Luncheons

January 5, 1943

LEONARD PENNARIO . . . In succession to Horowitz.

HENRY J. KAISER . . . Sir Launchelot or "The face that launched a thousand ships."

January 12

LEONARD WARREN . . . Made the rafters ring and lifted the Club to its feet.

HON. A. G. "MIKE" MORONEY . . . Shape of Labor legislation to come.

January 19

JAMES MELTON . . . Inaugurated his election to the Club with song.

DR. PETER F. DRUCKER . . . Cloudy future of Economic Man.

January 26

COLONEL LEROY P. HUNT . . . Landing the Marines at Guadalcanal.

OSA JOHNSON . . . Tulagi and the Solomons, in colour.

February 2

BEATRICE KAY . . . Songs without tone.

MAJOR-GENERAL LANGSFORD E. OLIVER . . . Graphic story of our Army's landing at Oran.

February 9

LILLIAN RAYMONDI . . . The Met's youngest prima-donna.

HOUSE JAMESON and

RAYMOND E. JOHNSON . . . As Jefferson and Hamilton in "The Patriots."

HENRY N. HALL . . . The Vichy set-up in North Africa.

February 16

WILBUR EVANS . . . Light opera stylist.

RAY BOLGER . . . The Comic Spirit.

SIR NORMAN ANGEL . . . Plain man-talk on war issues.



Joseph
Cummings
Chase

WILLIAM L. CHENERY

*Second Vice-President of our Club.
Sketched by Joseph Cummings Chase.*

William L. Chenery

Gentle is the word to describe Bill Chenery. Yet he gets things done. And in a big way. Over at Collier's the weekly of which he has just become the Publisher after many years as Editor, they tell a lot of stories about him. One is perhaps typical. Not long ago, half a dozen members of the Collier's staff, celebrating something or other gathered outside the publisher's door. After listening to them for half an hour, Bill got up, walked to the door and said very gently, "Hereafter I would be very grateful if you gentlemen could arrange to get drunk one at a time and not all together."

A native Virginian, he reached his present eminence the hard way, coming up through the newspaper school and serving, in turn, on papers in Chicago, Denver, and New York. His close friends have described him as being politically, somewhat wall-eyed, an individual who walks down the middle of the road, working both sides of the street at the same time. Indicative of this attitude of mind is his advice to his recently appointed successor. "The secret of being a successful Editor is having a durable chin. If you don't lose consciousness after taking a few beatings, they will let you continue editing."

Speakers, Singers and Entertainers at Our Luncheons

February 25

HELEN HOWE . . . Acidulous vocal etchings.
HERBERT HOOVER . . . The old master on the food em-
broglie.

March 2

LI LING AI . . . Touch of Chinese colour.
THOMAS J. HAMILTON . . . Pity that great reporters are not
always good talkers.

March 9

EUGENIE LEONTOVITCH } . . . In the suicide scene from
ELENA MIRANOVA } "Dark Eyes."

HENRY C. CASSIDY . . . Inside stuff on Russia.

March 16

KURT BAUM . . . One of the world's great tenors.
HENRY J. TAYLOR . . . The true story of the Fall of Tobruk.
Pinch-hitters for SECRETARY KNOX . . . JAMES MELTON,
LANNY ROSS, HARRY GILBERT, JOHN MULHOLLAND,
JIM WALLACE, GRANTLAND RICE, COLONEL STOOP-
NAGLE. Produced by RAY VIR DEN.

March 23

THE SONG SPINNERS . . . Favored feature of WOR.
VICTOR BORGE . . . Laugh-maker supreme.

March 30

FREDRIC MARCH AND FLORENCE ELRIDGE . . . Essay at
unravelling "The Skin of Our Teeth."
SECRETARY OF THE NAVY FRANK KNOX . . . Who drew
the largest audience of the season.

April 6

ALEXANDER BOROVSKY . . . Impressive pianist.
RALPH BARTON PERRY . . . Post-war dilemmas.

The Dutch Treat Club

Members in the Armed Forces

STEWART BEACH, *Major*, A.U.S.
NATHANIEL BENCHLEY, *Lieutenant (j.g.)*, U.S.N.R.
ALBERT BENJAMIN, *Commander*, U.S.N.R.
F. TRUBEE DAVISON, *Colonel*, Asst. Chief of Air Staff
FAIRFAX DOWNEY, *Major*, Field Artillery
EDWARD P. F. EAGAN, *Major*, Army Air Forces
FRANK FARRELL, *Lieutenant*, U.S.M.C.R.
JOHN J. FLOHERTY, JR. *Chief Petty Officer*, U.S.C.G.
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EUGENE REYNAL, *Captain*, Air Corps, A.U.S.
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TOSCHA SEIDEL, *1st. Musician*, U. S. Naval Training Station
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from December 1942*

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